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The Man of Glass: A Three Act Comedy in Verse

Thomas V. Calkins

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1954

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THE MAN OF
GALATHEA

BY
JOHN GALT

IN TWO VOLUMES.
LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY
JOHN GALT,
15, N. B. STREET, W. C.

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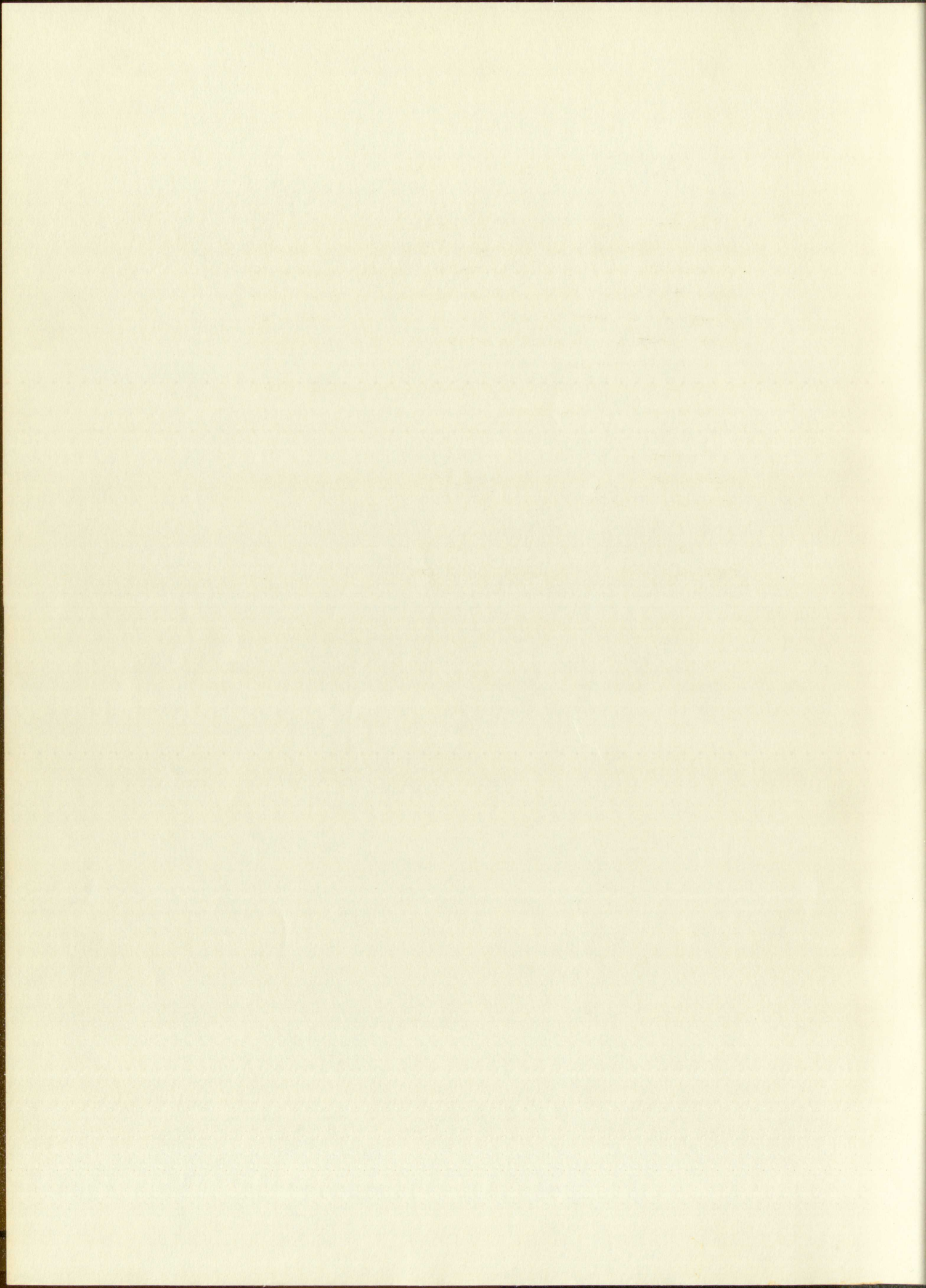
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THE MAN OF GLASS
A THREE ACT COMEDY IN VERSE

By

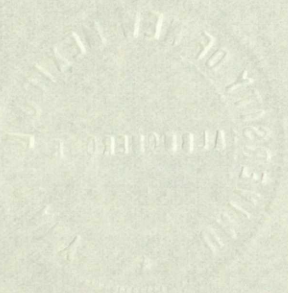
Thomas V. Calkins

A Thesis

In partial fulfillment of the
Requirements for the Degree of
Master of Arts in English

The University of New Mexico
1954





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EXERCISES
IN
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A
TREATISE
ON
THE
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A
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MASTER OF ARTS

E. H. Casteller
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ments for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

William L. ...

William L. ...

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Thesis committee

C. V. ...

John ...
John ...

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PREFACE

The author wishes to acknowledge his debt to Cervantes. The original inspiration for The Man of Glass came from El Licenciado Vidriera, one of Cervantes' Novelas Ejemplares. Though not following the great Spanish writer's plot exactly, the author has tried to approach his spirit and theme. If a great deal of El Licenciado Vidriera has been lost, the author hopes that some little something has been added.

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1951

The author wishes to acknowledge the help of the
original investigation for the year of 1950 and 1951
Alfred, one of the authors, has been added to the
list of the great Spanish writers of the 19th century
to research the spirit and the author has been added
Alfred has been added to the list of the great Spanish
writers of the 19th century.

1951

CAST OF CHARACTERS: (in order of their appearance.)

SERGEANT
1ST SOLDIER
2ND SOLDIER

TOMÁS RODAJA
AUNT
PEPE
1ST MERCHANT
2ND MERCHANT
WAITRESS
CORPORAL
GIRL

VENDOR (sometimes called VIOLINIST)
TRUMPETER
GIRL DANCER
PRIEST

JUGGLER (sometimes called PETRERO)
1ST PAINTER
2ND PAINTER
3RD PAINTER
1ST BAKER
2ND BAKER
1ST WEAVER

BOYS, TOWNSPEOPLE, WEAVERS, BAKERS, PAINTERS.

CAPT OF ENGINEERS:

1ST COLLECTOR
2ND COLLECTOR

1ST COLLECTOR

2ND COLLECTOR

3RD COLLECTOR

4TH COLLECTOR

5TH COLLECTOR

6TH COLLECTOR

7TH COLLECTOR

8TH COLLECTOR

9TH COLLECTOR

10TH COLLECTOR

11TH COLLECTOR

12TH COLLECTOR

13TH COLLECTOR

14TH COLLECTOR

15TH COLLECTOR

16TH COLLECTOR

17TH COLLECTOR

18TH COLLECTOR

19TH COLLECTOR

20TH COLLECTOR

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING ARE THE NAMES OF THE COLLECTORS WHOSE NAMES ARE LISTED IN THE ABOVE LIST.

ACT ONE

(NO CURTAIN. THE STAGE IS BARE AND ONLY THE APRON IS LIGHTED. THREE MEN STUMBLE ON STAGE LEFT. THEY APPEAR TO BE VERY TIRED AND DROP IN EXHAUSTION ON THE FLOOR. ONE OF THEM SITS, LEANING AGAINST THE PROSCENIUM, OTHERS ON THE FLOOR NEAR HIM. THEY ARE SOLDIERS, CARRYING RIFLES, AND WEARING OLD DIRTY UNIFORMS OF AN UNIDENTIFIABLE COUNTRY. TWO OF THE MEN ARE YOUNGER THAN THE OTHER, THE ONE LEANING AGAINST THE PROSCENIUM. THE STAGE HAS APPARENTLY BEEN UNUSED FOR SOME TIME. AFTER A MOMENT THEY BECOME AWARE OF THEIR SURROUNDINGS. FOR THEM, THE AUDIENCE IS NOT THERE: THEY ACT AS IF THE SEATS WERE EMPTY.)

1ST SOLDIER

Hey, do you know where we are?

2ND SOLDIER

Yeah, halfway between where we're supposed to be and hell.

SERGEANT

Well, we're out of the wind, anyway.

1ST SOLDIER

No, I mean we're on a stage. In a theatre. Look.

2ND SOLDIER

All right, so give us a show. What do you think, Sarge, should we stay here for a while? I'm all for bedding up here for the night. Besides, we haven't the vaguest idea in the world where we are.

SERGEANT

Seems fine to me. One of us will have to stand guard, though.

1ST SOLDIER

(IN A VERY ORATORICAL STYLE.)

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,

(NO CERTAIN THE TWO MEN WHO WERE IN THE
NEW STRIPES ON THE WALLS. THE TWO MEN WHO WERE
EXHAUSTION ON THE WALLS. THE TWO MEN WHO WERE
GIVEN, CHIEFS OF THE TWO MEN WHO WERE
LIVING, AND REMAINING IN THE TWO MEN WHO WERE
TWO OF THE NEW MEN WHO WERE IN THE TWO MEN WHO WERE
THE PROSECUTOR. THE TWO MEN WHO WERE
AFTER A MOMENT THE TWO MEN WHO WERE
THE AUDIENCE IN THE TWO MEN WHO WERE

HEY, DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS?

YEAH, HALFWAY BETWEEN THE TWO MEN WHO WERE

WELL, WE'RE OUT OF THE TWO MEN WHO WERE

NO, I MEAN WE'RE ON A TWO MEN WHO WERE

ALL RIGHT, SO GIVE ME THE TWO MEN WHO WERE

STAY HERE FOR A WHILE? IN THE TWO MEN WHO WERE

BECAUSE I'M GOING TO THE TWO MEN WHO WERE

(IN A VERY CERTAIN STYLE)

THE TWO MEN WHO WERE IN THE TWO MEN WHO WERE

The good is oft interred with their bones.
But Caesar was a good man; or something.

Hey, what do you think of that? Pretty good, huh? I heard that in a play once. Say, do you know this?

(SINGS.)

Oh, when I was young
I went to town
To see what I could find-o.
And there I met a pretty little lass,
And my donkey ran behind-o.

(2ND SOLDIER PERKS UP AND SINGS THE SECOND VERSE WITH HIM. THEN, SINGING LOUDLY, THEY DANCE A LITTLE JIG TOGETHER. THE SERGEANT LIGHTS A CIGARETTE AND LEANING AGAINST THE ARCH SMILES AT THEIR FOOLISHNESS.)

1ST & 2ND SOLDIERS

She said to me,
Why are you here?
And what do you mean to do-o?
So I bent and kissed her pretty little face,
And the donkey kissed her too-o.

(AFTER A MOMENT THEY REALIZE THEIR FATIGUE AND FLOP ON THE FLOOR, LAUGHING.)

1ST SOLDIER

What do you think of that, Sarge? Some show, huh?

2ND SOLDIER

Oh, brother, you and me ought to go on the stage.

1ST SOLDIER

We are on the stage. Oh, I forgot.

(HE JUMPS UP AND BOWS DEEPLY TO THE IMAGINARY AUDIENCE.)

Come on, pal, take your bow.

2ND SOLDIER STARTS TO GET UP, BUT THINKS BETTER OF IT.)

2ND SOLDIER

You're crazy and I'm tired.

1ST SOLDIER

At least I'm alive.

2ND SOLDIER

You think you're alive.

SERGEANT

You two bed down for a while. I'll stand guard for a couple of hours.

1ST SOLDIER

Wake me then, Sarge?

(SERGEANT WALKS UP STAGE TO A DOOR AND CHECKS IT. HE MAKES A BRIEF TOUR OF INSPECTION OF THE STAGE. THE SOLDIERS ARE TAKING BLANKETS OUT OF THEIR PACKS AND ARRANGING THEMSELVES FOR THE NIGHT. THEY LIE PARTLY OFF STAGE LEFT, ONLY THEIR FEET SHOWING TO THE AUDIENCE.)

1ST SOLDIER

Kiss me good-night, mother.

2ND SOLDIER

You're insane, absolutely insane.

(PAUSE.)

1ST SOLDIER

What time is it, Sarge?

2ND SOLDIER

What do you care? All you got is time.

SERGEANT

I make it 11:30.

2ND SOLDIER

All the time in the world, brother. (LAUGHS BITTERLY.) Time's the only real thing you got.

(THE TWO SOLDIERS SETTLE DOWN AND GO TO SLEEP QUICKLY. SERGEANT PACES BACK AND FORTH, LEFT TO RIGHT, SMOKING AND MUSING TO HIMSELF. HE ENDS UP STAGE RIGHT, LEANING AGAINST THE ARCH, FACING STAGE LEFT.)

SERGEANT

Yes, soldier, all you have is time.
 Time is the only reality for you.
 Guns are nothing, shot nothing.
 Nothing either is death.
 Life, now; is that something?
 It must be, or we wouldn't fight for it so.
 I knew once; one time I knew.
 Life had a farcical quality then,
 And I was a comedian...a real comedian.

(HE WALKS SOFTLY TOWARDS THE SLEEPING SOLDIERS AND LOOKS AT THEM.)

And I had a stage. Ah, what a stage!
 And a cast. Yes, yes indeed.
 And I had an act! Ladies and gentlemen!
 I present Tomás Rodaja in...
 What shall I call it? Ah!
 THE MAN OF GLASS!!

SCENE I

(DURING THE FOLLOWING SCENE THE SERGEANT WALKS RIGHT AGAIN AND LEANS AGAINST THE ARCH. DOWN STAGE LIGHTS GO DOWN SLOWLY AS LIGHTS COME UP IN ACTING AREA. THE SCENE IS ONLY INDICATED AND IS SHADOWY AT BEST. AUNT SITS BEFORE FIREPLACE SEWING. SHE IS ABOUT SIXTY YEARS OF AGE. TOMÁS, ON THE OTHER SIDE, IS READING AND STARING INTO THE FLAMES. HE LOOKS LIKE THE SERGEANT MIGHT HAVE LOOKED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FOUR. PEPE IS TOSSING COINS WITH HIMSELF. HE IS TWO OR THREE YEARS OLDER THAN TOMÁS. THEY WEAR AN ARCHAIC KIND OF CLOTHING, SUGGESTING THE TURN OF THE CENTURY MAYBE. THEY CAN BE SEEN BEFORE THE SERGEANT STOPS TALKING.)

The village was all right; it was quiet.
 Birds, I know, and corn and flax maybe.
 The saturation of the sun, I remember.
 The house, comfortable among the cotton woods,
 On the periphery of the world.
 And I, Tomás, stood anxious on the edge of it.
 A very precarious position, I think.
 I knew all because I knew nothing.
 I saw the world through an inverted telescope
 Of a hundred books, lighted
 By the fitful flashes of my imagination.
 The Idea, the Great Idea, ever present.
 Aunt was there with her eternal sewing,
 And Pepe, with his tossing of coins for luck,
 Living like an undependable string
 Of Chinese fire-crackers.

(LIGHTS FADE COMPLETELY ON THE SERGEANT.)

TOMÁS

Aunt, I've tried to talk to our people, but they,
In their child-like innocence, nay, ignorance,
Don't even understand the world is evil.
'My corn is green,' the farmer says, 'and see the calf,
How fast it grows; how sleek it is!' Dolt!
Can't he see the terror and ignorance of the world?

AUNT

Maybe he doesn't have the time. Besides,
His world is circumscribed by cows and corn.
What evil is there in that bucolic atmosphere?

TOMÁS

That's exactly what I mean. Look you,

(HE STANDS)

There are wars; are there not? And murder?

(AND STRIDES)

Is not man the vilest enemy of man?

(AND PREACHES)

Do not millions starve while others gorge?

(FLAILING HIS ARMS)

Man is much too close to see himself.

(IN A FINE STYLE)

His government is manned by thieves,

(PEPE APES HIM)

His church is run by lovers of money. Idiots!

(UNMERCIFULLY.)

The money-makers have conquered the world!

(TOMÁS STOPS AND WATCHES PEPE, WHOSE IMITATION--MOUTHED--WITH FLAIL-
ING ARMS, IS ALMOST AS GOOD AS THE ORIGINAL.)

(LIGHT COPY OF THE ORIGINAL)

and, I'm sure, to the same effect.
In the case of the other two, I have
not seen the original, but I have
seen the copy, and I am sure that
the copy is correct. The original
can be seen in the original.

There is no need to say that the
original is correct, but I am sure
that the copy is correct.

COLLON CON

EZEK

WILLERS

There is no need to say that the
original is correct, but I am sure
that the copy is correct.

There is no need to say that the
original is correct, but I am sure
that the copy is correct.

There is no need to say that the
original is correct, but I am sure
that the copy is correct.

There is no need to say that the
original is correct, but I am sure
that the copy is correct.

There is no need to say that the
original is correct, but I am sure
that the copy is correct.

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original is correct, but I am sure
that the copy is correct.

There is no need to say that the
original is correct, but I am sure
that the copy is correct.

There is no need to say that the
original is correct, but I am sure
that the copy is correct.

(There is no need to say that the
original is correct, but I am sure
that the copy is correct.)

There! You see! The world caricaturing itself!
The ape is revealing its colors! The...

(TOMÁS REALIZES THE INACCURACY AND COMPLETE INADEQUACY OF HIS
EPITHETS AND IS OVERCOME WITH A VERY HUMAN RAGE.)

I'll box your ears, you sacreligious little...

(PEPE QUICKLY EVADES HIS GRASP AND JUMPS OVER A SMALL TABLE. TOMÁS,
UNFORTUNATELY, IS NOT QUITE SO LITHE, AND ENDS UP AT HIS AUNT'S
FEET, WITH CONSIDERABLE LOSS OF DIGNITY.)

AUNT

A little self-control, Tomás. You are
Much too excitable. Pepe, a tonic for the gentleman.

(PEPE BRINGS A GLASS TO TOMÁS, STILL SITTING ON THE FLOOR. TOMÁS
CHOKES OVER A SIP OF THE LIQUID. PEPE TAKES THE GLASS AND DRAINS
IT AT A GULP. HE GRANDLY TOSSES THE GLASS OVER HIS SHOULDER INTO
THE FIREPLACE. HE THROWS AN IMAGINARY CLOAK OVER HIS SHOULDER AND
STRIDES OFF WITH A TERRIBLE DIGNITY.)

Pepe! Kindly retrieve the pieces...

That was
Well done, though. I remember once--in the capital--
A certain general...

Well, never mind. A dead past.

TOMÁS

(STILL SITTING.)

Aunt, I've made up my mind. I must go to the city.
Things will be different there. I will not be the butt
Of country jokes, of your decidedly rural humor.

PEPE

If he can't find his evil here, he will
Have to go away to find it. Good luck.

TOMÁS

(ARISING.)

When my father died he said to me,
Be this, my son, your legacy:
A tidy mind, a book or two,
A well-kept house, and a world-wide view.

There! Forgive! The great one! The great one!

(TOMAS SINGS A SONG OF THE GREAT ONE)

I'll not say that...

(PEPE SINGS A SONG OF THE GREAT ONE)

A little more...

(PEPE SINGS A SONG OF THE GREAT ONE)

Good! Kindly...

Well done, thank you...

(STILL SINGING)

And, I've said it...

If he could find his way...

(ARISING)

When my father...

Discover the world, but be tolerant;
A useful life is a life well-spent.
Pass on to the world whenever you can
Whatever you learn of this thing called man.

PEPE

(SARCASTICALLY.)

His death must have been touching.

TOMÁS

(IGNORING HIM.)

Here I can do
No good. You and Pepe don't even take me
Seriously. I have learned from my studies
And in my heart just how mankind can cure itself.
It is difficult to tell; sometimes like shouting
Down a barrel; but it must be done. My Idea,
You know my Idea, is set, through somehow
Difficult to explicate here. At any rate,
You won't listen. The villagers can't understand.
So, I must take my knowledge out into the world.
I have the answer, and it is so simple.
Just remember this...

(AUNT IS SEWING AGAIN. PEPE IS LEANING AGAINST THE WALL TOSSING
HIS COINS IN HIS HANDS. THEY BOTH IGNORE HIM.)

I will go alone.

(THEY STILL IGNORE HIM.)

There are a few things to prepare, but I am ready.

(HE GOES OUT AN INSIDE DOOR.)

PEPE

The calf is asking to be slaughtered.

AUNT

I know.

PEPE

The smell of the city tickles the heart.

AUNT

I know.

PEPE

There is a place where they wash their feet in wine,
Where they brush their teeth in cognac.

AUNT

I know.

PEPE

But the road is long and dusty. Stupendous
Mountains bar the way, and you are old.

AUNT

I can

Outwalk, outthink, outdrink you...

(PAUSE.)

There,
You've made me lose my dignity. You forget yourself.

(PAUSE.)

I did promise his father I'd look after him.

PEPE

As did I.

AUNT

He has no comprehension of the ways of the city.

PEPE

We do.

AUNT

The wine of the city enchants the tongue, and the talk
Of the city enlarges the soul.

GOING
E. V.
WILL

There is a new way to look at it. It is not a new way to look at it. It is a new way to look at it.

But this is not a new way to look at it. It is a new way to look at it. It is a new way to look at it.

On the other hand, it is a new way to look at it. It is a new way to look at it. It is a new way to look at it.

(PAUSE)

You are not a new way to look at it. It is a new way to look at it. It is a new way to look at it.

(PAUSE)

I did not see it. It is a new way to look at it. It is a new way to look at it. It is a new way to look at it.

He has no right to look at it. It is a new way to look at it. It is a new way to look at it. It is a new way to look at it.

The time of the day is not a new way to look at it. It is a new way to look at it. It is a new way to look at it.

PEPE

I know! Let's walk
With him. It would be an enchanting journey.

(TOMÁS COMES OUT WITH A VALISE. HE SMILES AWKWARDLY. PEPE AND
AUNT PRETEND TO IGNORE HIM. HE STARTS TO LEAVE, STOPS, LOOKS AT
THEM, AND STARTS TO LEAVE AGAIN.)

TOMÁS

Can't you say anything? Well...Goodby...
You'll look after things, won't you? I'm sure
You will. Well.

AUNT

Well?

TOMÁS

Goodby. Well...
I hope you'll have a good time...I mean...

PEPE

You mean, you hope you'll have a good time.

TOMÁS

I won't, and you know it.

AUNT

I'm so sorry.

TOMÁS

(BRIGHTLY.)

I know. Why don't you go with me?

PEPE

I don't know.

It's a long way.

AUNT

Terrible trip.

TOMÁS

Not really.

PEPE

Well...

AUNT

If you think so...

TOMÁS

Oh, I do.

AUNT

You mean, you will let us go with you?
Tomas, my flower, you are much too kind.

PEPE

I can see it now! Wine, lights,
Games, and lines and lines of languishing,
Beautiful, irresistible w-o-m-e-n!

AUNT

(SHE IS NOW THE LEADER. TOMÁS IS BUT A SIDE ISSUE.)

Pepe, my lad, the bag, the large one.
And in that basket there, food for the trip.
Quickly now. Tomas, don't stand still.
My blue shawl. My shawl, my shawl!
The one I wore to the Emperor's ball!

PEPE

And I must have my collar of white
To impress the beautiful women at night.

TOMÁS

And you must help me in what I must do.
We'll tear that city apart, 'fore we're through.

PEPE

Oh, let us be off, be off to the city.

Well...

If you want...

Then...

For now, we will be in the
house, at least, and that is good.

I can see it now! I can see it now!
Gone, and gone, and gone, and gone!
Beautiful, but beautiful!

(SHE IS THE BEAUTY, AND THE BEAUTY IS SHE.)

Here, my dear, and here, my dear,
And in the house, my dear, and in the house,
And in the house, my dear, and in the house,
My dear, my dear, my dear, my dear,
The one I love, the one I love.

And I have loved you, my dear, and I have loved you,
To know, to know, to know, to know.

And you have loved me, my dear, and you have loved me,
Well, then, my dear, well, then, my dear.

Oh, and you have loved me, my dear, and you have loved me,

TOMAS

We are strong!

AUNT

We are fine!

TOMAS

We are wise!

PEPE

We are witty!

(TOMAS CARRIES HIS VALISE AND A LARGE BOOK. AUNT CARRIES A BAG AND, OF COURSE, AROUND HER SHOULDERS, HER BLUE SHAWL. PEPE HAS THE BASKET OF FOOD AND A LARGE BOTTLE OF WINE. ON HIS HEAD--LIKE A CROWN--HIS LARGE WHITE COLLAR. IN A GAY MOOD THEY START FOR THE DOOR. TOMAS OPENS IT AND STARTS THROUGH, BUT PEPE STOPS HIM. HE SHAKES HIS FINGER AT TOMAS, MAKES A GRAND BOW TO AUNT, WHO STEPS PROUDLY ACROSS THE THRESHOLD. TOMAS BOWS TO ALLOW PEPE TO GO THROUGH, BUT PEPE INSISTS. TOMAS STEPS THROUGH. PEPE BOWS GRANDLY TO THE AUDIENCE AND STEPS THROUGH THE DOOR. LIGHTS GO DOWN ON THE PLAYING AREA AND A SPOT COMES UP ON THE SERGEANT. HE IS LAUGHING LIGHTLY.)

SERGEANT

Yes, life was a little like a farce,
And I was the leading clown that day.
But the clown is not always the happy one
If he finds it his duty to be funny,
For consciousness of an act, destroys the act.
To give consciously, nullifies the charity.
But seriousness is the deadly thing,
And, as you shall see, the too-new wrinkle
On our hero's face brought him to a partial
Downfall. His Idea of a new and better world,
(The very phrasing sounds trite)
Firmly clutched in his clean soft fist
Like a ticket to another land or a foolish
Circus, needed then--as it always will--
The instrumentality of an unjaded humor.
This, I'm afraid, I...ah...he lacked.
Well...

The trio, then, marched on to town.
Their adventures might have brought renown,
But they were never said,
And must be taken--as it were--for dead.

(THEATRICALITY. SERGEANT ISN'T CONSCIOUS THAT HE IS RHYMING. THE SERGEANT WARMS UP TO HIS TASK.)

But, in the city, there's another story!
 The trio--you must know--went down in glory.
 (Ah, shall we say, a kind of glory?)
 The history of that great crusade
 Will never fade.
 Like errant knights of another age,
 They went forth to add a page
 To a rather foolish history;
 But the value of that page is,
 And will always be, a mystery.

(PAUSE. HE BECOMES CONSCIOUS OF HIS RHYMING. LAUGHS AT HIMSELF AND AT HOW HE HAS BEEN ACTING. LIGHTS BEGIN TO COME UP IN A NEW PLAYING AREA. A TOWN, A CAFE, BRIGHT LIGHTS, GAUDY COLORS, PEOPLE, TALK, PEPE'S WINE AND PEPE'S WOMEN. THE TRIO--DRESSED AS THEY WERE-- BUT SHOWING SIGNS OF THE TRIP, ENTER. THEY STAND FOR A MOMENT AND LOOK AROUND.)

Well, they have made their pilgrimage.
 They are in the city. Tomas is ready.
 He pulls at the reins; he stamps his metaphorical foot.
 The comedy is as ready as it will ever be,
 And the comedian.

SCENE II

TOMAS

You, sir, just a moment, please. A word
 With you. Surely you would like to know...

1ST MERCHANT

I would like to know the price...here, let go!
 Oh, dear. The market is probably going to hell.
 Let go I say!

TOMAS

(CALLING AFTER HIM.)

I just want to tell you...!
 Oh, he was just a merchant. No interest there.
 You, sir, a moment of your time.

(THESE LINES ARE REVERSED IN THE ORIGINAL COPY)

But, in the first place, I am not a doctor.
The only way to know that is to ask a doctor.
(He looks at the list of names and says)
The list of names is not a list of names.
Will you please read the list of names.
This is a list of names, not a list of names.
They were taken from a list of names.
To a list of names, not a list of names.
But the list of names is not a list of names.
And will you please read the list of names.

(THESE LINES ARE REVERSED IN THE ORIGINAL COPY)

Well, they were taken from a list of names.
They were taken from a list of names.
No list of names, not a list of names.
The list of names is not a list of names.
And the list of names is not a list of names.

(THESE LINES ARE REVERSED IN THE ORIGINAL COPY)

You, sir, have a list of names.
With your list of names, you have a list of names.

I would like to know the list of names.
Oh, yes, the list of names is not a list of names.
Let me see the list of names.

(THESE LINES ARE REVERSED IN THE ORIGINAL COPY)

Oh, he has a list of names.
You, sir, have a list of names.

(2ND MERCHANT STOPS AND LOOKS AT TOMAS CURIOUSLY.)

The poet, sir,
Has said that people and their lives correspond
Towards goodness only as the basic principle
Relates to the events that drive them forward.
The problem has always been that principle. Just what
The answer is can be found only by a sane review of
Forward looking principles. You see? Ha! Now...

(2ND MERCHANT SHRUGS AND MOVES ALONG.)

Fool! I was just about to tell him. Aunt,
They won't listen. What's the matter with them?

(AUNT AND PEPE HAVE TAKEN A SEAT IN THE CAFE.)

AUNT

My boy, it's hot. We have traveled far.
Let's stop in this cafe and quench our thirst.
Come now. You'll be better for a bite to eat.

TOMAS

Perhaps you're right. I'll strike a conversation
With a likely loiterer; one who is not intent
On so much business.

(HE SITS.)

PEPE

My throat is dry from listening.

AUNT

Waitress! Girl! Come here! We want some service.

(SHE APPROACHES DIFFIDENTLY.)

There, that's a good girl. Now bring us wine
And a bit of bread and cheese. We have traveled far.
Pepe, sit still! Leave the girl alone.

(THE WAITRESS LEAVES.)

This place seems to be alive. Look there!
That man! A major at least. He knows the world,
I'll wager. Oh, he's been to France at least.

(2ND REPEAT OF STORY - 1st. 1st. 1st.)

And a little later, when the sun was
low in the sky, and the birds were
singing, and the wind was blowing
softly, and the water was calm,
the man and the woman went for a walk
along the shore, and they were very
happy, and they were very in love.

(2ND REPEAT OF STORY - 2nd. 2nd. 2nd.)

And a little later, when the sun was
low in the sky, and the birds were
singing, and the wind was blowing
softly, and the water was calm,

(3RD REPEAT OF STORY - 3rd. 3rd. 3rd.)

And a little later, when the sun was
low in the sky, and the birds were
singing, and the wind was blowing
softly, and the water was calm,
the man and the woman went for a walk
along the shore, and they were very
happy, and they were very in love.

And a little later, when the sun was
low in the sky, and the birds were
singing, and the wind was blowing
softly, and the water was calm,

(THE END)

And a little later, when the sun was

And a little later, when the sun was

(THE END OF THE STORY)

And a little later, when the sun was
low in the sky, and the birds were
singing, and the wind was blowing
softly, and the water was calm,

(THE END OF THE STORY)

And a little later, when the sun was
low in the sky, and the birds were
singing, and the wind was blowing
softly, and the water was calm,

Don't tell me that clothes don't make the man.
 Tomás! Come back! Oh, that boy. He must
 Learn the hard way. Pepe, will you sit still!
 Ah, our wine.

(THE WAITRESS RETURNS WITH THE FOOD AND WINE. TOMÁS SITS BESIDE
 THE SOLDIER, A CORPORAL, BY THE WAY.)

TOMÁS

Sir, you've seen the world.
 You know the sin and error of it.

CORPORAL

Know the sin!

My boy, there are weeping women all the way
 From here to gaudy Istanbul to prove
 My knowledge of the sin and error of it.
 Ah, my boy, the women I have known.
 I remember once a lass. In Rome it was.
 So delicate she could eat your heart away
 And you'd come back regardless. One night
 Her father—a terrible man, terrible—
 Had gone to a meeting. So I crept to the
 Window. It was a beautiful evening.
 Ah, those evenings in Naples...

TOMÁS

You said Rome.

CORPORAL

So I did. At any rate, there I was
 In her bedroom.

TOMÁS

But that's no way to act.

CORPORAL

Why not?

TOMÁS

Think of the unhappiness, think
 Of her.

CORPORAL

That's what I was thinking of.

(LAUGHS AND POKES TOMÁS IN THE RIBS.)

TOMÁS

Now I'm not against love.

CORPORAL

I'm glad.

TOMÁS

But purely carnal love, shall we say, is
Something we must avoid. I'm asking you,
Sincerely, within your heart, if...

(TOMÁS, WAVING HIS ARMS, SPILLS THE CORPORAL'S DRINK.)

CORPORAL

Here now, run along, you've spilled my wine.
Your antics make me ill. I'll have
none of your preaching. Find yourself
A woman, boy, she'll straighten you out.

(TOMÁS RETURNS TO HIS TABLE.)

AUNT

What's the matter, Tomás? You look ill.

(TOMÁS LOOKS MORE ANGRY THAN ILL.)

Here, have some wine. It will clear your
Head. These things must happen slowly.
Time--as I've often said--is money
In the pocket.

PEPE

If so, it's running down
The drain.

AUNT

(QUIETLY, WITH EMPHASIS, TO PEPE.)

Do you want to go back home?

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

(THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO)

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

(THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO)

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

(THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO)

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

(THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO)

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

(THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO)

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

(ENTER A GIRL. HER ATTEMPTS AT BEING COY AND DEMURE ARE ALMOST SUCCESSFUL. THE CORPORAL WINKS BROADLY AT HER, BUT SHE IGNORES HIM AND TAKES ANOTHER TABLE. TOMAS SEES THIS; GETS UP AND APPROACHES HER, PUSHING PEPE BACK IN HIS SEAT AS HE GETS UP TOO.)

TOMAS

(WITH A SWEEPING, THOUGH RATHER CLUMSY, BOW.)

Good afternoon. May I speak with you?

GIRL

Do sit down.

TOMAS

Thank you. Ah, I wonder...

(NOW THAT HE HAS GOTTEN THIS FAR HE DOESN'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO SAY.)

Madam, you appear to be of a gentle and kindly nature.

(THE CORPORAL SNORTS.)

I'm sure you do not like
Your profession.

GIRL

No?

TOMAS

I can help you.

GIRL

Yes?

(SHE DOESN'T HEAR A WORD HE SAYS, THOUGH HER SMILE IS QUITE INVITING.)

TOMAS

Yes. Now all you have to do...
I have found by reading and by looking
into human nature that all one needs to do...
Madam, are you listening to me?

GIRL

Yes

(LETTER TO JOHN... THE... HIM AND... PROACHING...)

(WITH A... BOOK...)

TO ALL... COTTON...

E-Z-R-W-G-E

(NOW THAT OF THE...)

WILLIS... FIVE...

(THE...)

Your...

11

107

I am...

107

(SEE...)

107

I have found... into...

TOMÁS

Oh. All one need to do is to follow,
Convincingly, and with moral courage,
One simple idea--excuse me, please--

(HE SHIFTS AWAY FROM HER A BIT.)

And that idea, as I say--if you please!--

(TOMÁS TURNS AND MOVES AWAY WITH SOME LOSS OF DIGNITY. THE CROWD
LAUGHS AT HIM. HE RETURNS TO THE TABLE. AUNT AND PEPE HEAVE A SIGH
AND TURN TO TOMÁS.)

AUNT

Perhaps there are some things I should have told you
Before we left the village. You see, my boy,
In the preparation of this great world
Our Lord provided for two estates of man.
One He graciously called male. The other...

TOMÁS

Oh, Aunt, please!

PEPE

...female! The object, flower
Of innocence, was reproduction. Simple! Now...

TOMÁS

Do be quiet, both of you. I have
To think.

PEPE

Thinking, fortunately, is not required.

(THEY ARE INTERRUPTED BY THE ARRIVAL OF THREE PEOPLE: TWO MEN AND
A WOMAN. THEY ARE PUSHING A LARGE CART EMBLAZONED WITH SIGNS. VERY
QUICKLY THEY SET UP A LITTLE STAGE WITH EQUIPMENT FROM THE CART.
THE OLDER MAN PLAYS A VIOLIN, AND THE YOUNGER MAN A TRUMPET. THE
GIRL DANCES. SOON A CROWD OF SOME PROPORTIONS HAS GATHERED. THE
MUSIC AND DANCING STOPS AND THE OLDER MAN, THE VIOLINIST, GOES TO
THE LITTLE STAGE. HE BEGINS TO SPEAK. HE BELLOWS.)

VENDOR

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen!
 Give the little lady a hand. Thank you, my dear
 I have here the answer to all your problems!
 The world has breathlessly been awaiting this!
 Whole civilizations have gone down in bloody
 Turmoil waiting for just an answer as I have here!
 Do you want to know what it is? What it does?
 I shall tell you. A little closer. No crowding!

(TOMÁS HAS PERKED UP AND IS INTERESTED. IS THIS A FELLOW PROPHET?)

Do you, lady, suffer from gallstones?
 You, there, does cirrhosis of the liver
 Make your life a hell? If these, and others
 Too numerous to mention, wreak havoc among
 Your loved ones, make your life a horror,
 Then worry you no more. I come among you
 As a bearer of great, great tidings!

(TOMÁS IS DISAPPOINTED AND RETURNS TO HIS WINE. THE CROWD IS OBVIOUSLY INTERESTED, AND FOR THAT MATTER, SO IS TOMÁS, IN THE MAN'S TECHNIQUE AND DELIVERY. PEPE HAS ALREADY STRUCK UP A CONVERSATION WITH THE DANCING GIRL.)

Here, in this bottle, is the answer.
 Its contents will ab-so-lute-ly cure you--OF ANYTHING!
 In this booklet--full of lovely pictures
 And witty sayings--you will find the names
 Of the many great and near-great who have
 Used my potion, with enormous success,
 And have given me permission to use their names.

(THE YOUNG COUPLE PASS AMONG THE PEOPLE GIVING THEM EACH A SMALL PAMPHLET. THEY READ AND TALK AMONG THEMSELVES.)

Now you who trust in true greatness,
 Come forward. The price, my friends, is one piece
 Of silver. That is all, absolutely.
 You may keep the bottle as a souvenir.
 Come, who will buy? Who will save themselves?

(THE PEOPLE CROWD AROUND BUYING THE BOTTLES FROM THE THREE PEDDLERS. TOMÁS LOOKS ON AMAZED.)

TOMÁS

Do you see, Aunt? Do you see?
 He is selling that stuff, whatever it is.

Good night, my dear, and sweetest
Give the little lady a kiss
I have been thinking of you
This week, and how you are
Who's civil to me, and how
I shall tell you, I think
I shall tell you, I think

(TOM'S MOTHER'S LETTER TO TOM)
To you, my dear, I have
You, my dear, I have
I have been thinking of you
This week, and how you are
Who's civil to me, and how
I shall tell you, I think
I shall tell you, I think

Have, in this world, in this
The children of the world
In this world, in this
And with the children of the world
Of this world, in this
Used to tell me, when I was
And have given me the world
(THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S LETTER TO TOM)
PARENTS, THAT WILL BE THE END OF THE MATTER

Now you are the young gentleman
Come forward, my dear, and
Of course, that is all, my dear
I am very sorry to hear
Tom, who will tell you
(THE PEOPLE WHO ARE THE MOST
TOM'S MOTHER'S LETTER TO TOM)

To you, my dear, I have
You, my dear, I have
I have been thinking of you
This week, and how you are
Who's civil to me, and how
I shall tell you, I think
I shall tell you, I think

Why, with nothing more than a song or two
And some idle, foolish talk, he sold them.
They believed him. Why not me?

AUNT

The people like a show, you see. And then
A deception of this sort doesn't bother them.
You can pick a man's pocket, if you tell him a joke.

PEPE

A word or two, and a bauble, is worth all argument
With a reluctant lass.

TOMÁS

But I have something
Real to give them. More than a bottle or book.

AUNT

Ah, Tomás, people don't like the truth.
It opens their eyes and makes them think.

PEPE

But a song...

TOMÁS

Yes, a song, a parade, a vaudeville show...!
But that would be a deception.

AUNT

Nonsense!

Does not the church give you a show, a solemn one,
Albeit, before they preach you a sermon? Pepe
And I, I think, could bring you masterly crowd.

TOMÁS

Do you think they would listen?

AUNT

That I don't know.
You are the one with an Idea to present.

But, with nothing more to say,
and with the, perhaps, the only
day before...

The morning, a day, the day,
A day, a day, a day, a day,
You can make a day, a day, a day...

A day, a day, a day, a day,
With a day, a day, a day...

COLLON CONVENT

Let us give you, a day, a day,
A day, a day, a day, a day...

THESE DAYS
The days, the days, the days,
It seems that, a day, a day, a day...

...

...

Yes, a day, a day, a day, a day,
But that would be a day, a day, a day...

...

Does not the day, a day, a day,
A day, a day, a day, a day,
And I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I...

So you think they would be many

For me the day, a day, a day, a day...

PEPE

With a bottle

To peddle.

TOMÁS

Ah, Aunt, you still don't believe.

AUNT

I believe in the world, Tomás. The world is,
And always will be, as it is, and always will be.

PEPE

For that, I for once, am humbly grateful.

AUNT

But we love you, Pepe and I, don't we?

PEPE

Of course.

AUNT

And love is a quiet kind of believing.

PEPE

(TO AUNT.)

I will not be compromised into believing him.

AUNT

Be quiet. If he wants a crowd...well?

PEPE

That should not be difficult, I think. I can dance.

AUNT

I can talk. Better than that one up there.
And Tomás can give us some help.

1944

To: Mr. [illegible]

Re: [illegible]

I believe [illegible]

COTTON CONTRACT

For that, I [illegible]

But we [illegible]

Of course,

And [illegible]

(TO: [illegible])

I will [illegible]

Be [illegible]

Just [illegible]

I can [illegible]

TOMÁS

What can I do?

AUNT

Come, I will tell you. Now, first...

(SHE TAKES HIM OFF TO ONE SIDE AND WHISPERS IN HIS EAR. PEPE WALKS UP AND DOWN, OBVIOUSLY TRYING TO THINK UP A DANCE. HE TRIES OUT A FEW TENTATIVE STEPS. THE GIRL DANCER WATCHES A MOMENT, THEN JOINS HIM. AUNT AND TOMÁS GO TO THE VENDOR'S PLATFORM. THEY TALK FOR A MOMENT WITH THE VENDOR AND THE TRUMPETER. AUNT COMES FORWARD. PEPE AND THE GIRL ARE DANCING. A SMALL CROWD HAS GATHERED, WATCHING THEM.)

Stop! Ladies and gentlemen! If you will come
To this square in a hour, a show you will see
As never before you have seen. With dancing...

(PEPE AND THE GIRL BREAK INTO A FEW FAST STEPS.)

and music...

(TRUMPETER SOUNDS A TREMENDUOUS BLAST ON HIS HORN, STARTLING EVERYONE. HE BREAKS INTO A LOUD, HIGH CADENZA BEFORE AUNT CAN STOP HIM. TOMÁS SHAKES HIS HAND ADMIRINGLY.)

PEPE

It won't cost you a cent!

TOMÁS

There is nothing to buy!

AUNT

You have nothing to lose!

TOMÁS

And worlds to gain!

PEPE

It won't even be cancelled in case there is rain!

(LOUD BLAST ON THE TRUMPET AGAIN. CROWD CHEERS AS LIGHTS DIM DOWN ON THE PLAYING AREA. LIGHTS GO ON SERGEANT AGAIN.)

SERGEANT

Well, as you can see, a sort of a climax approaches. Actually, as it really happened, more than a day was required for these events to play themselves. But my imagination and my memory have contracted like an accordion; they have been edited by time. This Tomás, this curious creature we see here, is no more the real me, I suppose, than any man who is duplicated on a stage or in a book. But this is what he looks like from the vantage point of time. My only crime is a coloring which comes from knowing future actualities. I would like to shout at him, "Look out! Fate is going to change you into glass." But then, if I could shout, I could explain that the glass would merely be a fatuity which came about as the result of...well, that would be too much explanation, and the story should progress, I guess, with some regularity. So now we come to the tale again, and I, almost like a stage manager, must take my place behind the scene.

SCENE III

(SAME AS SCENE II, BUT SOMEHOW BRIGHTER, MORE COLOR. AUNT, PEPE, AND TOMAS HAVE APPARENTLY BORROWED THE VENDOR'S PLATFORM AND HIS ENTOURAGE. AS THE LIGHTS COME UP, THE VENDOR AND THE TRUMPETER ARE SITTING ON THE PLATFORM WHICH HAS BEEN MOVED MORE TO THE CENTER OF THE STAGE. THEY ARE ALONE.)

VENDOR

My boy, there are as many ways to make money
As there are people in this little old world.
Take now, for instance, would you have ever imagined,
Coming into this city, they call it,
That we would meet a man crying for us
To take his money? As I have always said,
You never know where your next meal is
Until you twirl it on your fork. Remember.

TRUMPETER

He seemed nice enough to me. Interested,
He was, in my music. Had a sense for it, he did.

Not, as you say, and I am not sure
usually, as I have seen many
has received the same treatment
and my friends and I have been
taken on board, and they have
this, I am sure, and I am sure
to be a great help, I am sure
who is interested in the world
the world, and I am sure
policy of the world, I am sure
which comes from the world
I would like to see the world
rate in the world, I am sure
the world, I am sure
that the world is a great
which comes from the world
that world is a great
Glad to hear, I am sure
how we can help the world
I am sure like a great help, I am sure

COLLON CONLEN
EZEKIEL
WILLIAMS

(Said as well as, and I am sure
and I am sure, and I am sure
ENTOURAGE, as I am sure
ARE BIRTH, as I am sure
TER OF THE STATE, as I am sure

My boy, I am sure, and I am sure
as I am sure, and I am sure
Like me, I am sure, and I am sure
Coming from the world, I am sure
that world is a great
to take his world, I am sure
You never know, I am sure
Until you know, I am sure

he seemed like a great help, I am sure
as I am sure, and I am sure

VENDOR

Well, we have his money, at any rate,
And all we have to do is play for him
And lend him our little stage.

TRUMPETER

Here they come.

Now try to play well. Watch your third finger C.

VENDOR

See what? My boy...

TRUMPETER

Never mind. Just play.

(THEY BEGIN TO PLAY, MARTIAL TUNE, WITH A HINT OF SADNESS UNDERNEATH. THE CROWD BEGINS TO APPEAR. FIRST A FEW COME IN, LOOKING BACK OVER THEIR SHOULDERS. THEN TWO YOUNG BOYS WITH SIGNS, PROCLAIMING: BIG SHOW. DANCING & SINGING & MUSIC. HEAR TOMÁS RODAJA SAVE THE WORLD!! NO CHARGE!!! THEN COME PEPE AND THE GIRL, MARCHING GRANDLY TOGETHER. THEN AUNT, VERY PROUD, WITH TOMÁS, LOOKING A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLE, BUT TRYING TO GET INTO THE SPIRIT OF THINGS. HIS MIND IS OBVIOUSLY ON HIS COMING SPEECH. HE APPEARS TO BE REHEARSING IT TO HIMSELF. THEY ALL GO TO THE PLATFORM. TOMÁS SITS. THE BOYS WITH THE SIGNS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE PLATFORM. AUNT MOUNTS, BEING HELPED BY THE TRUMPETER WHO PLAYS, MORE LOUDLY, IF ANYTHING, WITH ONE HAND. SHE SIGNS FOR THE MUSIC TO STOP. SHE STEPS FORWARD.)

AUNT

I am glad to see you.

(CROWD CHEERS. EVERYONE IS IN A GAY MOOD.)

We are here

For very serious reasons.

(PEPE AND THE GIRL, TALKING TO THEMSELVES, TAKE THIS MOMENT TO LAUGH UPROARIOUSLY. THE CROWD, BEING HAPPY, LAUGHS TOO. AUNT STARES THEM ALL DOWN.)

And those reasons...

We shall find out later.

(MORE LAUGHTER AND CHEERING.)

Well, we are a very happy family
and all we want is to be together
and have the best of everything.

How long it will take to get there
I don't know, but I hope it won't be long.

See what I mean?

COLLON CONTENT

EZRA

WILKES-BATES

(THEY BRIDE TO THE...
WILLIAM, THE...
BACK WITH THE...
CLIMAX: THE...
DATA: THE...
KINGDOM (THE...
ING A LITTLE...
THING. THE...
TO BE...
SITS. THE...
AFTER...
IT...
THE...)

I am glad to see you.

(GROW GREEN, GROW GREEN, GROW GREEN)

For very good reasons.

(THEY AND THE...
LAUGH...
STARTER...)

We shall find out later.

(MORE LAUGHTER AND...)

But now, my friends,
We shall have a piece of music. A short
Piece, if you please, Maestro.

(TRUMPETER STANDS UP AND BOWS. CROWD CHEERS. HE AND THE VENDOR
BEGIN TO PLAY ENERGETICALLY. TOMÁS BECKONS AUNT ASIDE AND THEY
STAND OFF TO ONE SIDE TALKING. THE MUSIC GOES DOWN SO THAT THEY
CAN BE HEARD.)

TOMÁS

I think the atmosphere is altogether too gay;
Not proper for such a solemn event.

AUNT

Child of
Delicacy, you asked for a crowd. We brought you one.
We must proceed with the entertainment. If not,
They will disappear like mist in the morning.
Tomas, lad, must you speak to them? Must you?

TOMÁS

Aunt, you know I must. You know my mission...

AUNT

Save it for the crowd. I have heard enough.
Thank you, Maestro, thank you!

(THE MUSICIANS STOP, BUT RELUCTANTLY.)

And now, my friends,
I bring you two glorious dancers. Two people
Whose gayety of heart is matched only by the
Gayety of their feet. Pepe and Pepita!

(THE MUSIC STARTS AGAIN, AND PEPE AND THE GIRL JUMP TO THE PLATFORM
IN A GAY AND SLIGHTLY NAUGHTY DANCE. EVERYONE CHEERS AND CLAPS.
SUDDENLY THE PRIEST ENTERS FROM ONE SIDE. HE IS DARK AND WEARS BLACK
ROBES. AS HE APPROACHES SLOWLY, THE CROWD HUSHES AND FALLS BACK.
HE STANDS A MOMENT BEFORE THE PLATFORM, LOOKING ALTERNATELY AT THE
SIGNS AND AT THE DANCERS. THE MUSICIANS, SEEING HIM, STOP SUDDENLY.
PEPE AND THE GIRL CONTINUE A MOMENT BEFORE THEY REALIZE EVERYTHING
HAS STOPPED. FOR A MOMENT THERE IS DEAD SILENCE. THE PRIEST BE-
GINS TO SPEAK. HIS VOICE IS LOW BUT POWERFUL.)

PRIEST

This is very interesting. I should very much like to hear anyone save the world, especially—What is his name?—Tomas Rodaja.

PEPE

Do you want to break up the meeting?

PRIEST

Oh, not at all.
I like to see the people enjoying themselves.
I'm just interested in the saving of the world.

(HE POINTS TO THE LARGEST SIGN.)

They indicate an interest in my field of activity.
Naturally I should like to know who my
Co-workers are, and what they have to say.

TOMAS

I can't see that your organization has done much good. Why, look at the world. What do you see? War, crime, misery, corruption.

PEPE

It's a mess.

AUNT

It is a mess. Why don't you answer the lad?

TOMAS

Thank you, Aunt. I will deal with this.

PRIEST

The Church's answers are well known to all.
Let us hear what you have to say.

TOMAS

Very well.

(THE CROWD COMES CLOSE AGAIN. PRIEST AND AUNT STAND ON EITHER SIDE OF THE PLATFORM, BALANCING EACH OTHER. CROWD SHOWS OBVIOUS INTEREST.)

This is very interesting. I think you mean
like to have a good day's work in the
field in the morning.

Do you want to work in the morning?

I like to see the people in the morning.
I've just finished in the morning of the work.

(THE FATHER TO THE LADDER)

They finished in the morning in the field of work.
I think I should like to see the people in the morning.
I've just finished in the morning of the work.

I can't see that your work is very good.
Much good. Yes, that is the work. That is the work.
Yes, that is the work. That is the work.

It is a work. The work is the work.

Thank you, sir. I will do the work.

The work is the work. The work is the work.
Let us have the work in the morning.

MILLER

ES

(THE CROSS OF THE LADDER) THE CROSS OF THE LADDER
OF THE FATHER, THE FATHER OF THE LADDER

I come here not in anger of anyone.
 I come here only of love and peace.
 I come not disputing anyone's power;
 I dispute only the powerful.
 I would not lead, but I would follow.
 I would follow with you a way I will show.
 A terrible blight is on our land. The birds, even,
 Are sick. Man is at one with the birds
 Who are with God. The God of Night
 Is all-powerful. The God of Day--
 The righteous God--puts his hand to our faces.
 But our faces are obscured by clouds.
 A mist is before our eyes, and the flowers bloom not.

(NO ONE UNDERSTANDS, OBVIOUSLY. TOMÁS, SEEING THIS, THINKS A MOMENT, AND TRIES A LITTLE DESPERATELY TO COME TO THEM. THE PRIEST IS SARDONIC TO HIMSELF: RIGHTEOUS AND FULL OF ANGER TO THE CROWD. AUNT IS FULL OF SORROW FOR TOMÁS. PEPE IS FULL OF SHAME FOR HIM. TOMÁS BEGINS AGAIN. HE IS GETTING ANGRY AT HIMSELF FOR NOT BEING ABLE TO SAY WHAT HE WANTS, AND ANGRY AT THE CROWD FOR NOT UNDERSTANDING.)

You live in sin, and you live in ugliness.
 Your lives, a spasm of birth, a contortion of life,
 And a small bright struggle of death.
 There is better than you know and stronger.
 If you live in goodness, if you live in faith,
 If you live in beauty, you can see and know God.
 Don't you understand? God and life and goodness are here.
 Don't you realize? Can't you see? Humanity
 Is your friend and brother, and God is with you!
 Living is not evil. Living is good.

(TOMÁS IS OVERCOME. AT THE END HE IS SHOUTING AT THE CROWD. AUNT AND PEPE PULL HIM AWAY, AND HE BREAKS DOWN, CRYING)

CROWD

Where is your beauty!

Where is your peace?

He is mad, a fool!

Live, he says. For what?

(THE CROWD IS ANGRY. IT HAS BECOME INFECTED WITH TOMÁS'S ANGER AND FRUSTRATION.)

PRIEST

Silence! Quiet, I say! Silence!
 The man is a fool. Why should he worry you thus?

He comes and throws the misery of your lives in your faces.
 He comes to sneer at you. He prates of birds and flowers.
 Does he not know of bread and misery? He wants you
 To follow. To follow what? He is a heretic.
 He incites you against your legal and moral rulers.
 He is against the Church! He is against you!
 There he is! There he stands! A very devil!

(THE CROWD SURGES OVER THE PLATFORM TOWARDS TOMÁS. AUNT AND PEPE, TRY IN VAIN TO SAVE HIM. BEHIND THE PLATFORM THE CROWD BEATS TOMÁS. AUNT AND PEPE STAND TO ONE SIDE, HELPLESSLY. THE PRIEST STANDS TO ONE SIDE, TOO., IT IS SOON OVER AND THE CROWD MOVES OFF SHOUTING THREATS AT TOMÁS. THE PRIEST LEAVES...THE TENSION COLLAPSES... PEPE AND AUNT SIT ON THE EDGE OF THE PLATFORM IN HELPLESS EXASPERATION. TOMÁS IS OBVIOUSLY NOT HURT BADLY. "WHAT THE HELL," THEIR ATTITUDES SAY, "WE KNEW SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN." PEPE GOES BACK AND DRAGS TOMÁS INGLORIOUSLY BY ONE FOOT TO THE FRONT OF THE PLATFORM AND LEANS HIM UP AGAINST IT. HE GROANS AND SHAKES HIS HEAD.)

TOMÁS

What happened?

AUNT

It would take too long to explain.

PEPE

You met with a better orator than yourself.

(AUNT GOES TO TOMÁS TO WIPE OFF HIS FACE.)

TOMÁS

Stay away! You'll break me! Stay away!

AUNT

What are you talking about?

TOMÁS

Can't you see?

I've turned into glass. My flesh is gone.
 My whole body is made of glass.

PEPE

What's wrong?

What's he talking about?

TOMÁS

Don't spare my feelings.
I'm made of glass. I don't know how it happened,
But there it is.

PEPE

You look all right to me.

TOMÁS

Of course I'm all right, but I'm changed to glass.
(TOMÁS ADMIRES HIS 'NEW' FLESH. AUNT AND PEPE STAND ASIDE AND TALK.)

PEPE

What's happened to him?

AUNT

The beating, it's done
Something to his mind, I guess. The whole thing,
The whole series of events, together they've
Shattered his sensibility.

PEPE

Doesn't he? He really believes it,

AUNT

He seems to.

PEPE

What'll we do?

AUNT

Humor him, I guess. Tomás, how do you feel?

TOMÁS

Fine, Aunt, fine. But don't touch me.
Can't you see? I'm made of glass! I'll break!

(AUNT AND PEPE LOOK AT EACH OTHER. THEY SHRUG THEIR SHOULDERS.)

CO

E

W

(UNIT AND)

But look! I shine! I am so pretty!
I'm really glad I came to the city.

(TOMÁS SITS THERE ADMIRING HIMSELF. AUNT AND PEPE LOOK AT EACH OTHER
AND AT TOMÁS. TOMÁS SMILES FOOLISHLY TO HIMSELF, OFF STAGE, AND AT
THE AUDIENCE AS THE

CURTAIN FALLS.)

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ACT TWO

(THE SCENE IS AN ALLEY IN THE SAME TOWN AS THE FIRST ACT. THE ALLEY RUNS ACROSS STAGE PARALLEL TO THE PROSCENIUM. STAGE RIGHT IS AN OLD STABLE WITH STALLS FOR PERHAPS TWO OR THREE HORSES. TOMAS LIVES IN ONE OF THESE STALLS. IRON-WROUGHT BALCONIES ARE SEEN ABOVE THE ALLEY THROUGH WHICH BROKEN OR BOARDED-UP WINDOWS STARE BALEFULLY AT THE AUDIENCE. THE FARTHEST LEFT BALCONY IS THE ONLY ONE THAT APPARENTLY IS IN USE. THIS OPENS ON TO THE PRIEST'S APARTMENT. A LANE, COMING FROM THE CENTER OF TOWN, ENTERS THE ALLEY UP LEFT, JUST TO THE RIGHT OF THE BUILDING WHERE THE PRIEST LIVES.

AS THE SCENE OPENS IT IS VERY EARLY MORNING AND THE ALLEY IS RATHER COOL AND DARK. AUNT IS SEEN COMING DOWN THE AISLE OF THE STABLE WITH HER APRON FULL OF POTATON PEELINGS. AS AUNT SHAKES HER APRON FREE OF THE PEELINGS, PEPE COMES DOWN THE LANE FROM THE PLAZA. HE IS SLIGHTLY DRUNK AND IS SINGING A SONG LEFT OVER FROM THE PREVIOUS EVENING.

THE TIME IS SIX MONTHS AFTER ACT ONE FOR OUR PLAYERS. THE SERGEANT'S THOUGHTS ARE OF COURSE CONTINUOUS AND ABOUT ONE HOUR HAS ELAPSED SINCE HE AND HIS COMPANIONS ENTERED THE STAGE.)

SCENE ONE

PEPE

Sing long evenings and pretty girls.
Sing tables full and delicate wine.
The feet are light and the dull head whirls,
And you are mine.

(HE REACHES AUNT AND TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS, SINGING IN A MOCK ROMANTIC MANNER.)

And you and you and you are mine!

AUNT

You've been drinking again! I should hate
To see your liver. Some day it will burst...

PEPE

Don't! Please!

I was thinking of flowers and bees and vineyards.
 I was a thousand days away, back in my youth;
 Gay, carefree, untroubled by the ugliness of the world.

AUNT

You?

You troubled by anything? You who are the incarnation
 Of everything that he is fighting? Your name is sin!

PEPE

You know that is not true. Just a little diversion,
 That is all I ask. Do I not put in my time carting
 Him around? Don't I protect his 'fragile' body
 From the stones and scratches? Am I not his scarecrow,
 Good for nothing but to frighten off all creatures
 Who he thinks would hurt him? And he is unhurttable!

AUNT

You are right. I'm sorry. It's a peculiar life.
 But I wish you wouldn't drink so much.
 Come, a cup of coffee before the day begins.

(THEY START UP THE AISLE.)

Today we meet the delegations of the artists,
 The weavers, and I do believe, the bakers.

PEPE

Fine! If he is in good voice we may have
 Some pastry to sublimate this apostolic life.

(THEY EXIT. PAUSE. TOMÁS PUTS HIS HEAD OVER THE EDGE OF THE STALL
 AND LOOKS AROUND. HE YAWNS AND STRETCHES CAREFULLY.)

TOMÁS

I must have Pepe change my hay today.
 This, I fear, grows rough and scratchy.
 Ah, the burden of a delicate body,
 Prey to all that's unsmooth and indelicate.
 Some have said that I am proud and overconscious
 Of bodily beauty, but I seriously assure you
 That this is not so.

I was thinking of the way you were in the past
I was a student of the way you were in the past
I was a student of the way you were in the past

You were a student of the way you were in the past
Of everything that was in the past

You know that is the way you were in the past
That is the way you were in the past
The way you were in the past
The way you were in the past
The way you were in the past
The way you were in the past

You are right, the way you were in the past
But I will not let you be in the past
Come, a new way of thinking is the way

(THEY START UP THE STAIRS)

Today we are the way you were in the past
The way you were in the past

That is the way you were in the past
Come, a new way of thinking is the way

(THEY KISS, THEN THEY START UP THE STAIRS)
AND LOOKS BACK, HE SAYS, "I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE"

I must have been there before
That is the way you were in the past
The way you were in the past
The way you were in the past
The way you were in the past
The way you were in the past

(HE VERY CAREFULLY EMERGES FROM THE MANGER. HIS DRESS IS ASTOUNDING. HE IS ENTIRELY SURROUNDED BY LOOSE COTTON. NOTHING MORE THAN THE OUTLINES OF HIS BODY ARE SEEN IN THE FLUFF OF THE STUFF.)

My body, being glass,
Must be protected. It must shine. I've
So much to do and so much to say. The least,
The most minute imperfection, even on this,
My glassy flesh, is a hindrance to my work,
For my shell, my casing is like yours.
What goes on inside, the deepest and darkest we,
Is duly--though often dully--reflected.
My body is both a mirror and a casement window.
The audience can see themselves--albeit as a sideshow;
That is, as curlicues and monstrous angles--
And with the double purpose of better seeing me,
Of better seeing what I see, my grand Idea,
Perhaps, just possibly, some improvement
May be made.

(HE RUBS HIS HAND ON HIS GARMENT VIGOROUSLY, AS IF HE WERE SHINING HIMSELF.)

I brought my bright Idea,
Expecting miracles of transformation.
The only miracle I found was this dubious,
Devious one of glass. The people love me
And they listen, but I am he who learned.
I was duly humbled; for in my fragility
I somehow lost the sable cape of pride
I wore, and even more, I learned how invulnerable
Were the things I hated. Pride, ambition, power--
Overwhelming power for the sake of power--
They are their own traps, their own snares.
For power, and its sisters, ambition, pride,
Are nothing more than the sum total of the powerless.
That is what I learned. But what have I taught?

My original Idea, my seed, my precious unborn
Flower, planted in the fertile ground
Of the people's receptability, gardened
And cultivated, the ground prepared
By the incongruity of my glassy flesh,
This seed has burst forth into some hybrid plant.
My song, my cant has resulted in what?
I'll tell you. They are as I was.
I am their book, admired for its cover;
The knowledge therein only guessed at, felt.

I must bring them now to see...what?
Themselves, for they are my knowledge, my Idea.

If they are what I think they are, they can topple
 Power, pride, ambition. This my mission.
 But if they are not what I think they are...
 Well, then I am but a pretty mirror,
 Seeing the pretty, useless creatures of a warped
 Imagination.

(TOMÁS LEANS AGAINST THE STALL AND MUSES TO HIMSELF. HE ABSENTLY
 SCRATCHES HIS SHOULDER. REALIZING WITH HORROR WHAT HE HAS DONE,
 HE CAREFULLY REMOVES THAT PART OF HIS CLOTHING AND ANXIOUSLY IN-
 SPECTS HIMSELF TO SEE IF ANY DAMAGE HAS BEEN DONE.)

IN THE MEANTIME THE JUGGLER ENTERS UP LEFT. HE IS TRYING, WITH
 VERY LITTLE SUCCESS, TO JUGGLE THREE STONES. HE STANDS IN FRONT
 OF TOMÁS, VERY PRECARIOUSLY JUGGLING THE STONES. TOMÁS DOESN'T
 LOOK AT HIM.)

JUGGLER

It has been said that you can help me.

TOMÁS

(NOT LOOKING AT THE JUGGLER. HE IS STILL INSPECTING HIS SCRATCH.)

Just let me know what I can do.

JUGGLER

Though I've never lacked ambition,
 I am faced with this admission.
 My talents—though they're quite a few—
 All have failed to make impression.
 So when I heard this ballyhoo,
 I knew that I must come to you.

TOMÁS

(STILL INSPECTING.)

I'm very pleased, I must admit it,
 But of panaceas I have none.
 Your petition, please submit it,
 And we will see what can be done.

JUGGLER

(STILL JUGGLING.)

I tried to be a poet, and I was jailed.
 I put my hand to painting, and I failed.

If there are more than one of them, they are not
the same. But if there are only one, it is the same.
But if there are only one, it is the same.
But if there are only one, it is the same.
But if there are only one, it is the same.

(THEY ARE ALL THE SAME) (THEY ARE ALL THE SAME)
SCALED BY THE SAME (THEY ARE ALL THE SAME)
HE CAME TO THE SAME (THEY ARE ALL THE SAME)
SOMEWHERE IN THE SAME (THEY ARE ALL THE SAME)

IN THE SAME OF THE SAME (THEY ARE ALL THE SAME)
VERY VERY VERY (THEY ARE ALL THE SAME)
ON TOP, VERY VERY (THEY ARE ALL THE SAME)
LOOK AT THEM (THEY ARE ALL THE SAME)

THEY ARE ALL THE SAME (THEY ARE ALL THE SAME)

It has been said, however, that

(NOT LOOKING AT THE SAME) (NOT LOOKING AT THE SAME)

Just let me know what I can do

There is a lot of things to be done
I am sure that I can do it
I am sure that I can do it
I am sure that I can do it
I am sure that I can do it
I am sure that I can do it

and

(STILL THE SAME) (STILL THE SAME)

I'm very glad to hear that
but of course, I have to
I am sure that I can do it
I am sure that I can do it
I am sure that I can do it
I am sure that I can do it

(STILL THE SAME) (STILL THE SAME)

I tried to do it, but I can't
I am sure that I can do it

And then I was a singer; my voice was hoarse.
 I even tried out dancing; I failed of course.
 Even in the circus, as a clown I was not funny.
 I didn't mind the sneering, or even lack of money.
 So now I lay my plans like eggs and try to hatch them.
 Into the air these stones I throw and try to catch them!

TOMÁS

My advice to you is this...catch them? Stones?
 Aunt! Pepe! Go away! Help! Help!

(TOMÁS TRIES TO GET OUT OF THE WAY OF THE JUGGLER, BUT HE, THE JUGGLER, JUST STANDS THERE, STARING AT HIM, STILL JUGGLING. AUNT AND PEPE COME AND SHOUT. THE JUGGLER TURNS TO THEM, LEAVING THE STONES IN THE AIR TO THEMSELVES FOR A MOMENT. TOMÁS SHRIEKS IN TERROR, AND THE JUGGLER GRABS THEM JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME.)

TOMÁS

Go away, go away, go away, go!

PEPE

(WITH TOMÁS.)

Go!

JUGGLER

Senor Glasscase, I am so sorry. I forgot
 That you were built this way. I meant no harm.
 Are you really made of glass? Is it possible?

(THERE IS AN EMBARRASSED SILENCE. THEY ALL LOOK AT TOMÁS.)

AUNT

It isn't possible, but it's true...

PEPE

Come, Boy, what's your name?

I guess.

JUGGLER

(PROUDLY.)

Petréo of the Flying Stones!

and that I had a very good time
I was very much interested in
what he said, and I was very
glad to hear that he was
so well. I was very glad to
hear that he was so well.

My wife and I were very
glad to hear that he was
so well.

(There is a very good
reason for this. I was
very much interested in
what he said, and I was
very glad to hear that
he was so well.)

Do not, please, be
wary.

(With regard to
this matter.)

There is a very good
reason for this. I was
very much interested in
what he said, and I was
very glad to hear that
he was so well.

(There is a very good
reason for this. I was
very much interested in
what he said, and I was
very glad to hear that
he was so well.)

It is very much
interesting to hear that
he was so well.

There is a very good
reason for this. I was
very much interested in
what he said, and I was
very glad to hear that
he was so well.

(With regard to
this matter.)

There is a very good
reason for this. I was
very much interested in
what he said, and I was
very glad to hear that
he was so well.

PEPE

Fine, fine. We have a singer and a dancer
And a maker of music. With Aunt as the barker,
And Petréo, here, as our juggler, all we need
Is a clown.

I wonder who that will be?

AUNT

Fool!

Petré^o, is it? Come here, lad.
The end of our journey is not yet in sight,
But at least our company grows stronger...

PEPE

If not saner.

AUNT

We welcome you.

TOMÁS

And gladly.

(HE SHAKES HANDS WITH PETRÉO.)

Ah, not so strong, my boy. A firm handclasp
Is a fine thing with ordinary people.
But with me, ah well, you know.

PETRÉO

I'll try to remember. You see, my hands
Are not ordinary things. Why, I could be the strongman, too.
Where do we play our first--shall we say?--
Engagement?

AUNT

Engagement? What engagement?

PETRÉO

Why, the circus, of course. Tremendous! Colossal!
You are the barker, are you not? And you?...

(TO TOMAS.)

Time, then, to have a look at the
and a look at the world with some
and better, then, the very best of the world
is a story.

Look!
The end of the world is not a story
But at least we can say that it is a story.

If not, then...

Is it not so?

Yes.

Yes, it is.

(THE SHAKESPEAREAN WORLD)

As, not so much, as the world is a story
is a story with a story, and a story
but with no, not with, but with.

Will you be so good as to read the story
are not only the story, but the story
there do we find the story, and the story
Engagement?

Yes.

Engagement? That is the story.

Yes.

Why, the story of the world is a story
You are the story, and the story is a story.

(TO TOMAS.)

AUNT

I am nothing of the sort!

PEPE

Wait, Aunt.

I was only joking, but the boy has a point.
I can see it now...

TOMÁS

You see nothing of the sort.
Petré^o, I must explain to you. It is true
That on occasion we give a show to draw a crowd,
But that has not been necessary for quite a while.
My business, if you call it that, deals in other things
Of more import than you--or you--can know.

PETRÉO

But my business is with the flying stones.
If you will watch, you'll see,
My earthshaking dexterity.

PEPE

How can throwing stones around be earthshaking?

AUNT

Here, I think, 's fine analogy.
Petré^o juggles stones and Tomás words;
Both have confirmed pretensions to shaking
Our earth, as if it needed it.

TOMÁS & PETRÉO

It does!

PEPE

And I can do it by drinking. Why, every night...

(PEPE IS STARED INTO SILENCE BY THE COMPANY.)

PETRÉO

Senor, Man of Glass, I feel you're one who'll help me.
The problems of the world don't bother me;

I am not sure if I have

I was only looking for the book
I can't find it

There is a book in the library
which is called "The History of the
World" and it is a very good book
and it is very interesting to read
it and it is very useful to know
the history of the world

It is a very good book
and it is very interesting to read
it and it is very useful to know
the history of the world

How can I find the book?

There is a book in the library
which is called "The History of the
World" and it is a very good book
and it is very interesting to read
it and it is very useful to know
the history of the world

and I can find the book
(There is a book in the library)

There is a book in the library
which is called "The History of the
World" and it is a very good book
and it is very interesting to read
it and it is very useful to know
the history of the world

I am concerned with juggling. The audience
Does not seem to matter. You see, the stones,
They seem to have a symmetry, a form,
Which, although I cannot grasp it quite,
That is, they do not do my bidding, make all
Other words and works I do seem nothing.
It's like the pattern of the moth about a light,
Or wishes made by children coming true.
A satisfaction. Can you feel it too?

PEPE

This is something he can understand.

TOMÁS

I'm not sure; I think I do. Let's see.

(PETREO TRIES AGAIN, CAREFULLY KEEPING HIS DISTANCE FROM TOMÁS. HIS EFFORTS NOW SEEM WORSE THAN EVER, BUT THE LOVE AND HOPE AND BEAUTY THAT SHINE UPON HIS FACE MAKE THE PERFORMANCE, FOR ALL OF ITS CLUMSINESS AND INEFFECTUALITY, SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL TO WATCH. HE FINALLY STOPS AND STANDS STILL, IMPLORING WITH HIS EYES SOME RECOGNITION.)

AUNT

I see Tomás, several months ago.

TOMÁS

If all of us had faith as you have shown.

PEPE

Let's have some breakfast. He deserves it.

(PEPE PUTS HIS ARM AROUND PETREO'S SHOULDER AND THEY ALL TROOP IN THROUGH THE STABLE.)

(THE CURTAIN COMES DOWN BRIEFLY.)

SCENE TWO

(THE SCENE IS THE SAME AS SCENE ONE WITH SOME DIFFERENCES. THE TIME IS PERHAPS AN HOUR LATER. SUN LIGHT NOW. IN THE AREA DOWN LEFT A PLATFORM HAS BEEN ERECTED. ON IT IS A HAMMOCK FILLED WITH HAY IN WHICH TOMÁS IS RECLINING. ALSO ON THE PLATFORM ARE: AUNT, PEPE, PETREO, THE TWO MUSICIANS AND THE DANCER OF ACT ONE. GROUPED

COLLECTION CONTENT

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AROUND THE PLATFORM ARE THE DELEGATIONS OF THE ARTISTS, WEAVERS, AND THE BAKERS. IT IS RATHER LIKE A PICNIC, OR, SHALL WE SAY, A 4TH OF JULY AFTERNOON IN THE U.S.A. DURING THE FIRST DECADE OF THE 20TH CENTURY. LOTS OF COLOR, LOTS OF BY-PLAY, NOISE, ETC. BEFORE THE CURTAIN COMES UP LOUD MUSIC—TRUMPET, VIOLIN, AND DRUMS—IS HEARD, AND THE SOUND OF DANCING ON THE PLATFORM. AS THE CURTAIN RISES THE SHOW IS GOING ON. AUNT IS ON THE DRUMS, THE TRUMPETER AND VIOLINIST PLAYING, THE GIRL AND PEPE DANCING, EVERYONE CLAPPING, PETRÉO, NOT MUCH IMPROVED, JUGGLING UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF TOMAS. THIS PROCEEDS FOR A FEW SECONDS, COMES TO A CLIMAX, AND STOPS. AUNT COMES FORWARD.)

AUNT

You may have noticed that today we have
A new member of the company. I present
Petréo, who, if you only knew it,
Is the greatest juggler in the world.

(PETRÉO COMES FORWARD ACKNOWLEDGING A VERY SCATTERED APPLAUSE. HOWEVER, HE TRIES TO IGNORE A VERY LITTLE BOY STANDING UP RIGHT OF THE PLATFORM WHO IS JUGGLING FOUR STONES FURIOUSLY. THE CROWD LAUGHS.)

TOMAS

The lesson for today will be success.
Why is Petréo the greatest juggler in the world?
It all depends upon your standard.

1ST PAINTER

The boy?

TOMAS

The boy can juggle the stones better, I'll admit;
But let me ask you this one question. You there,
How many pictures do you have in the academy's exhibit?

1ST PAINTER

None. The wax-wigged charlatans won't hang me.
They say my lines don't flow, my color's un-
Predictable, and 'people don't look like that.'

(HE IS VERY SARCASTIC.)

TOMAS

Very well. I am no judge of painting.
Should I say, then, that you are no good
Because the experts say you're not?

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS
AND THE OTHER BOOKS OF THE
SERIES
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
THE AUTHOR
UNION OF THE TWO OCEANS
IN TWO VOLUMES
TAIN
PETER AND THE WOLF
CLARION
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AND OTHER BOOKS OF THE SERIES

COMMON CONTENT
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2ND PAINTER

No, by God!

TOMÁS

Then how am I to judge? Why is he better?

2ND PAINTER

He paints with the heart.

3RD PAINTER

He has a soul.

TOMÁS

Then his pictures don't look like the ones in the gallery?

1ST PAINTER

By God, I'll break the neck of the man who says so!

TOMÁS

I've been to the academy, and it felt dead;
 Pictures out of the head, ignoring the heart.
 Now we have the important part. Petreo, here,
 Judged by the boy, can't juggle at all.
 The boy is but throwing stones in the air.
 Petreo, if I may quote him a bit, sees in the stones
 A symmetry, a form, a pattern that comes close to the heart.
 He's trying for something he'll never achieve.
 But of all the jugglers in the world
 None has come closer to the beauty of juggling.
 You, there! If you've never juggled you can't say
 Which is better; Petreo, or the boy,
 Unless
 You equate your painting with his art.
 This is the lesson for today in part.

1ST BAKER

This is very pretty. A veritable inspiration.
 But what, Creature of Glass, can you say to me?
 I am the greatest baker in the city.
 My rolls are perfection, my cake is inspired.
 The icing's ten times more than required.
 My doughnuts the envy of the union.

My bread is far too good for communion.
 I'm a success in every way.
 Now, Sir Glasscase, what have you to say?

PEPE

We shall now witness the destruction of the world's greatest baker.
 (THE CROWD STANDS SILENT AS TOMÁS LOOKS AT THE BAKER.)

TOMÁS

There's little I can say to this man.
 There is something frightening about success;
 That is, when a man has done all that he can do.
 It's like...a new and lovely road with flowers
 That have no smell and trees that are simply green,
 And overhead some clouds so dull that children
 Can't imagine figures in them. Imagination dead.
 And all the while as you walk along
 You know exactly where you're going;
 Every town you've seen before.
 No excitement any more.
 Even the strangers along the way
 Have nothing new to you to say.
 It's like a completely articulate book
 Or a meadow without a brook
 Or a little boy with too much money
 Or a bee that doesn't care for honey
 A sailor who doesn't like the sea
 A woman who admits to forty-three.

I've nothing to say to you. You don't belong.
 All of us here have an ache in our heart.
 Each in his way finds something missing in life.
 We are the unsuccessful, those who weep;
 Those who would rather not be--but are--sheep.
 The stones--or words or paints--that we juggle
 Are never quite right;
 But we can look upon the night
 And see the stars;
 Something more than security is ours.
 Hopes and pain and incandescent dreams.
 Life is more than what it seems.

(THE BAKER, OBVIOUSLY MOVED, BUT TOO PROUD TO SAY ANYTHING, GOES OUT UP LEFT. THERE IS AN AWKWARD PAUSE. THEN A GROUP OF WEAVERS PUSH ONE OF THEIR NUMBERS FORWARD. HE IS SHY AND CARRIES A SCROLL. AFTER MUCH PRODDING FROM THE GROUP, HE BEGINS TO READ.)

the world is a very different place
than it was a few years ago
and the people are very different

the world is a very different place
than it was a few years ago
and the people are very different

THE WORLD IS A VERY DIFFERENT PLACE THAN IT WAS A FEW YEARS AGO AND THE PEOPLE ARE VERY DIFFERENT

the world is a very different place
than it was a few years ago
and the people are very different

the world is a very different place
than it was a few years ago
and the people are very different

the world is a very different place
than it was a few years ago
and the people are very different

1ST WEAVER

"We, the Amalgamated Weavers of the city,
Doubting not your words or great ability,
And wishing now to say in all sincerity,
That we are one with you, with this disparity:
We feel your clothes--and this we say in charity--
Are ones which don't approach your popularity,
And so in humbleness approaching mild temerity,
We present you with this suit, which for security,
Is made of softest wool. Our dexterity
Was pushed..."

(HE BREAKS OFF AND MOVES TO TOMAS.)

As you have gathered we have a poet,
Or one who fancies himself so, among us.
This proclamation is foolish and pretentious.
Perhaps we are, too, but we feel that you...
Well, you don't look comfortable in those garments.
We have a suit which looks better, and I'm sure
Is a better fit for one whose, well, ability...

(HE BREAKS OFF IN EMBARRASSMENT. AUNT COMES TO HIS RESCUE.)

AUNT

Sometimes words are not the best device
For saying. We know what you mean. Glasscase,
Here, is as overcome as you. But, Weaver,
He knows what you mean and thanks you for it.

(THE WEAVERS BRING OUT THE SUIT. IT IS GRAND; BRIGHT, VERY
COLORFUL, AND WELL PADDED FOR PROTECTION, OF COURSE.)

PEPE

A really admirable suit. Admirable.

(HE IS VERY IMPRESSED, AS IS EVERYONE.)

TOMAS

I don't,
For this one beautiful time, know what to say.

2ND BAKER

We, the members of the Baker's Union,
In some attempt to make amends for our brother's

Words, and in celebration of the Suit of Tomás,
 Ask that all those present come to our hall.
 There, some wine, plus the finest textured bread
 Will await the company.

(CHEERS FROM THE CROWD. FLOURISH FROM THE MUSICIANS.)

But first,
 I'd like to say that our companion,
 Mr. Pandero, is not as bad as he seems.
 In spite of what he said, he is as good a baker
 As he claimed. That is something, is it not?
 Well, I ask forgiveness for him.

TOMÁS

It is easy
 Enough and is granted.

AUNT

(ASIDE, PERHAPS TO TOMÁS.)

The gold piece
 Forgives the penny. Oh, Tomás, Tomás.

(THE CROWD STARTS OUT. TOMÁS IS CARRIED IN HIS PADDED LITTER BY
 FOUR OF THE GROUP. THE MUSICIANS PLAY. THE CROWD SINGS.)

CROWD

Whenever there's trouble and clouds overhead;
A piece of bread, a piece of bread!
When it seems better to have stayed in your bed;

2ND BAKER

A piece of bread!

CROWD

A piece of bread!
Let'em eat cake the sad Queen said.

2ND BAKER

But everyone know they cut off her head!

CROWD

A piece of bread, a piece of bread!

Words, and is a description of the world of the future.
Ask that all your friends come to a meeting.
There, some may find the way to the Kingdom.
Will write the message.

(OTHER: FROM THE CHURCH, FROM THE WORLD, FROM THE FUTURE.)

I'd like to say that my friends
are, however, in need of the Kingdom.
In spite of what has been said, I am not a prophet.
As he climbed, I saw the Kingdom, and I saw
that, I saw the Kingdom of God.

Enough and is enough.

(LAST: FROM THE CHURCH, FROM THE WORLD, FROM THE FUTURE.)

Forgive me, please, for I am not a prophet.

(THE CHURCH STAYS ON, AND SAYS: "I AM NOT A PROPHET."
FOUR OF THE CHURCH, THE WORLD, THE FUTURE.)

Whenever there is a trouble, a trouble, a trouble,
a place of trouble, a place of trouble,
then it seems to me I have a word to say.

A place of trouble

Let us all say the same word

But everyone says that word

A place of trouble, a place of trouble

(ALL EXIT. A MOMENT LATER THE 1ST BAKER RUNS IN EXPECTANTLY WITH A HUGE, MAGNIFICENTLY DECORATED CAKE. HE STANDS STILL IN THE CENTER OF THE STAGE, HEARTBROKEN, THEN WALKS OFF DISCONSOLATELY.

THE CURTAIN FALLS SLOWLY.)

SCENE THREE

(LATER IN THE AFTERNOON OF THE SAME DAY. TOMÁS IS SITTING IN THE SUN AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE ALLEY. THE PRIEST ENTERS DOWN THE ALLEY, OBVIOUSLY LOOKING FOR TOMÁS.)

PRIEST

Well, we meet again, Mr....

TOMÁS

The Man

Of Glass is what they call me. Don't step
Too close. I am quite breakable, you know.

PRIEST

That is what I've been informed...

TOMÁS

A step

To the right, if you will.

(TOMÁS HOLDS HIS HAND UP TO THE LIGHT, TURNING IT BACK AND FORTH, ADMIRING THE REFLECTION, NO DOUBT.)

PRIEST

It is whispered around

The parish that you have grown to be a personage
Quite out of bounds of your disability.

TOMÁS

My disability? Yes, it is that I guess.
But it has been advantageous. I'll admit that.
Without it, the people wouldn't...but as I have often
Proved, a precedent is all I lack.
Have you a precedent? Of course you have.
You are nothing more than a complicated

(ALL-PAID) A CHECK FOR THE FULL AMOUNT OF THE
A CHECK FOR THE FULL AMOUNT OF THE
THE CERTAIN PART OF THE

YOUR NAME

(LATER IN THE AFTERNOON OF THE DAY, THE
SUN AT THE END OF THE DAY, THE
OBTAINING THE FULL AMOUNT OF THE

THE CERTAIN PART OF THE

Well, we have been

THE

of course, I am quite certain, the
Too close, I am quite certain, the

THE

That is what I have been

THE

To the right, if you will

(TOWNS HOLE IS THE NAME OF THE
ADMINISTERING THE MEDICATION, NO MORE)

THE

The portion that has been
Gives out of hands of your

THE

my disability, it is a
But it has been
I have been
I have been
I have been
I have been
I have been
I have been

Precedent; veritably, a maze,
A beehive, a system of logically complicated
Precedents, turning in upon another,
Biting one, and fracturing the other...
The light, if you please...

PRIEST

See here. Your pretence
Need go no further. I am quite aware
Of what you are about. We have oft
Encountered such as you, and we have ways
And methods of dealing with such pretenders.
And you are all the same. Although I will
Admit--and willingly--that you have a flair,
Let's say, almost a genius, for theatricality.

TOMÁS

I bow to yours...

PRIEST

To mine?

TOMÁS

To the church's, then.

PRIEST

The point, however, is this business of the glass.

TOMÁS

The point is not the business of the glass.
This glass is but an irrelevancy, an accident, a trick...

PRIEST

Yes, a trick!

TOMÁS

Of fate! The point is that you
Are finding it most difficult to dismiss,
Not me, but what I have to say and offer.
You yourself--an unwilling and bitter witness
To the birth here in the city of the form and fancy

Of my Idea--you, an unwilling midwife,
Are frightened by it.

PRIEST

I am not! I am but
A scourge, a whip, an ethical eradicator
Of unethical ideas. I have behind me the whole
And stature of the Church.

TOMÁS

A fire of fear.

PRIEST

A fire of faith! You will be burnt!

TOMÁS

Of faith? Then why attack so hysterically?
Your faith is weak that you must press so hard
When nothing is attacking.

PRIEST

Nothing? I hear
You everyday. Everyday upon the street
Your voice, so full of innocence and fervor
Reached up, a many-handed thing,
And assaults my ears. The people look to me
In questioning. This seed, this vicious thing,
This amorphous creature, has grown and grown
Until it reaches heights that I myself
Am not capable of.

(TOMÁS PEERS INTENTLY AT THE PRIEST. THE PRIEST STANDS UP STAGE OF HIM.)

TOMÁS

It is worse than I thought.

PRIEST

What is worse?

TOMÁS

You are catching my disease.
I can see quite through you, a mottled something,
As of glass. But somehow I can't see the Church.

Of the things that I have seen
and felt in my life

There is

A secret, a truth, a mystery
Of which I know, I have known
and felt in my life

There is

It is

There is, there is, there is

There is, there is, there is

There is, there is, there is

There is

There is, there is, there is
You see, I have seen, I have felt
Your voice, your heart, your soul
Reached up, a long, long way
And reached up to me, and reached
In darkness, in the night
This secret, this truth, this mystery
Until it reached me, and I knew
Am not capable of

(There is, there is, there is)

It is

There is

What I know

I can see, I can feel, I can know
As of course, but I cannot say

PRIEST

You are talking in your damned riddles again.

TOMÁS

The central image, of pride and ambition, shines
Forth in a dusty and besmudged magnificence.

PRIEST

Your vision is faulty; you see but the Church
And a glowing sentinel of faith.

TOMÁS

Priest. Father.

I have seen you on the balcony listening
Every day. Don't you see it was for you,
Mostly you I spoke? My arguments you've heard.
Power, pride, ambition; these I've fought.
Have I fought your Church, except where it may,
Through such as you, embody ambition, power, pride?
You call yourself a sentinel of faith.
Faith in what? Is it not faith in yourself?
Can't you see why you're afraid of me?

PRIEST

You talk of pride. What else but pride
Would make a man live in a stable in emulation of...

TOMÁS

In emulation of no one! I live there for a reason.

PRIEST

What reason?

TOMÁS

Glass. Shiny, bright, brittle,
Very brittle, glass. Can't you see?
Here I'm alone when I want to be alone.
Away from the rumble of the city and boys,
Stone throwing boys. The empty balconies.
Nothing can be thrown on me.

PRIEST

But glass.
 You really don't believe it, do you?
 If so it were a pride itself. This thing,
 This making of yourself something you are not.

TOMÁS

But I made it not. It came unbidden.
 And I am saddled with a gross deformity.
 How would you feel if every noise and sound
 Were eminent enemy? I have a million dangers
 Living in such proximity as you cannot imagine.

PRIEST

If this is true then maybe...maybe...maybe
 All the rest is true. But no! I'm not
 As you say I am! I am for the Church,
 The true, the real, the only blessed Church.

TOMÁS

But the pride. What of the wormy pride?
 Is not your glow of religious fervor but
 A shallower satisfaction? A joy not part
 Of that larger joy? Don't you feel exhilaration
 That there are thousands who do as you say,
 Who think as you bid them think? Listen, Father,
 I am in no way jealous of your position.
 I would rather be home in the fields, in flesh.
 I would there were no need of me; as there is need!
 You would see it if you were not blind.

(THERE IS A PAUSE. THE PRIEST WALKS TO THE SIDE, LEFT, THINKING.
 AUNT ENTERS UPPER LEFT.)

AUNT

There you are. I was worried.
 Why did you leave the party? I had
 Many explanations to make for you.

TOMÁS

Even the white bread was too hard for me.
 Oh, I would love to eat again as a man--
 Is it a man I am?--as a man should eat,

you really don't believe it, do you?
It's so simple, yet so difficult. This thing
this nothing of yours, this nothing of mine.

But I made it, I made it, I made it.
And I am needed to be a person in the world.
How would you feel if I were a person in the world?
I would feel like a person in the world.
I would feel like a person in the world.

COLLOR CONSENT
I think you are right, I think you are right.
I think you are right, I think you are right.
I think you are right, I think you are right.
I think you are right, I think you are right.

But the whole thing is so simple, so simple.
It's not just a matter of being a person in the world.
A challenge, a challenge, a challenge.
Of that I am sure, I am sure, I am sure.
That's what the whole thing is about, that's what it's about.
I think you are right, I think you are right.
I think you are right, I think you are right.
I think you are right, I think you are right.
I think you are right, I think you are right.

(There is a part of the world that is not part of the world.)
ABOUT THE WORLD

There you are, I am sure.
Why did you have to be a person in the world?
I am sure, I am sure, I am sure.

Even the whole thing is so simple, so simple.
I think you are right, I think you are right.
I think you are right, I think you are right.
I think you are right, I think you are right.

And the party grew too boisterous.
I am good for nothing but for seeing through
And looking at.

(AUNT SEES THE PRIEST. SHE GESTURES QUESTIONINGLY. TOMÁS SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS AND CROSSES HIS FINGERS TO HER IN A GOOD LUCK GESTURE.)

PRIEST

You are right. From the balcony I heard you,
But I don't understand.

TOMÁS

It's difficult, I know.

PRIEST

Well?

TOMÁS

I don't know if I can. I'll try.
The Idea. What's the ultimate stuff of an idea?
Oh, I know, it's a pretty problem for philosophy.
But it is more than that. I'll try to be logical.

(AUNT MOVES IN TOWARDS HIM AND TAKES HIS HAND. DURING THE NEXT SPEECH SHE NEVER TAKES HER EYES FROM HIM.)

Given the fact of a self-smitten world,
A catalogue of all unhappiness.
The evidence is there, you have but to see;
But who sees? Each man is surrounded by himself.
We swirl in tiny orbits, unconcerned
Except where we ourselves are hurt. Man
Cannot see that his selfish orbit,
Being selfish, thus makes a contribution
To the greater misery; for nothing, no one
Is alone. Each acts in some mysterious way
One upon the other; a physical fact, and
I'm afraid, a moral one as well.
Most men, because of lack of knowledge, perhaps,
Perhaps for inability to see, or thoughtlessness,
Or simple evil (for evil begins in simplicity,
At least) can't see the inter-relatedness of things,
Of men or moral facts.

Unfortunately,
It takes a man such as I to show him.

(No pride here, I think, just another fact.)
 How? What? From where do I know?
 There is, in all reformers, even the practical,
 Something of the mystic.

(TOMAS STANDS UP AND GENTLY LOOSES AUNT'S HAND. HE SMILES AT HER
 AND GOES TO THE CORNER OF THE BUILDING UP CENTER AND LEANS AGAINST
 IT CAREFULLY.)

Oh, it's an old, old story.
 The standard curriculum of the mystic. Something
 About know thyself and all...true enough.

(HE BREAKS OFF AND BECOMES MATTER OF FACT.)

But I must deal in so-called practical things,
 In practical men. I put it in stone-sound ways.
 My conception of the world of men is sound,
 As far as it goes, but how can I tell them
 That each is a contributory factor to an evil
 In the larger sense? How may they understand,
 These practical men, that from knowledge of the part
 Comes knowledge of the whole? Tell them outright
 And they flinch, as from an invisible lash.
 Preaching is strong liquor, over-palatable.
 Well, what have we here?

(THE FIRST BAKER COMES IN UP LEFT.)

I have made
 A conquest, it appears.

(THE BAKER COMES UP TO TOMAS AND STANDS BEFORE HIM WITH AN ALMOST
 RUEFUL SMILE. UNDERSTANDING AND REPENTANCE. HE NEVER EVEN SEES
 THE PRIEST.)

This is the point
 That I don't even understand myself.
 The element of mysticism, it seems, redeems
 My awkward, almost sprawling efforts.
 What will save the day, if not now, then eventually
 Is that most men are, if not good, at least un-evil.
 These things that they do, they are passive evils,
 Like allowing such as you to herd them like sheep.
 Your famous analogy of the sheep and the shepherd--
 Though pretty--is one I don't like. Say what you will
 Man is not a sheep. But these are theological
 Points and have no pertinence here.

(The first part of the story is a...
about the...
it carefully.)

(The second part of the story is a...
about the...
it carefully.)

(The third part of the story is a...
about the...
it carefully.)

(The fourth part of the story is a...
about the...
it carefully.)

(The fifth part of the story is a...
about the...
it carefully.)

PRIEST

This is too much for me to assimilate.
I must have time to meditate.

(PRIEST TURNS TO GO, UP LEFT)

PANDERO

If you have troubles he will put them straight.

(PRIEST EXITS. TOMÁS STARES AFTER HIM. AUNT SPEAKS AS IF AN ASIDE.)

AUNT

I wonder if the Priest will abdicate
His temporal tonsured crown.
His frown
Bespeaks an excited state.
Are we to witness the abortion of a soul?
Old woman, you think too much of late.

(THERE IS A BURST OF NOISE AND THE CROWD ENTERS FROM ALL THREE ENTRANCES. PEPE, PETREO, THE MUSICIANS, THE DANCER, THE LITTLE JUGGLER, BAKERS, ARTIST, WEAVERS. THEY ARE IN A GAY MOOD, EVIDENTLY HAVING JUST COME FROM THE BAKERS' PARTY.)

PEPE

I have been appointed spokesman. Senor
Man of Glass, Sir Glasscase, Dear Master,
You have a duty to perform, a debt
To pay. This assembled company,
Having, each in turn, displayed for us
At the party some talent for collective amusement
Now insist that you--whose talents are known
Throughout the length and breadth of this great, ah,...

AUNT

alley--

PEPE

Shine forth...

1ST PAINTER

(an apt and pretty verbal!)

1912

This is how good I am to you
I must have done to myself

(PRINT THIS TO THE WORLD)

1912

If you have a chance to see me

(PRINT THIS TO THE WORLD)

I would like to see you

My name is

My name is

My name is

My name is

My name is

My name is

My name is

My name is

My name is

My name is

My name is

My name is

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My name is

My name is

PEPE

The glassiferous splendour you can command... with all

1ST PAINTER

The amusement for

PEPE

and not the instruction

1ST PAINTER

of your humble

PEPE

And doting

2ND COOK

and expectant

1ST WEAVER

and ever obedient

ALL

Servants !!

(ALL BOW SARDONICALLY, EXCEPT AUNT.)

TOMÁS

(TO AUNT.)

But what shall I do?

PEPE

(IN MOCK SERIOUSNESS TO 1ST PAINTER.)

Have you, my friend,
Ever heard the delightful tinkle of fork
Or knife that's played upon a bottle?

The glass/... ..

1911

The

and not

COLL

1911

and

1911

1911

1911

1911

1911

1911

(ALL)

1911

(TO)

1911

(IN)

On

1ST PAINTER

(IN THE SAME VEIN.)

Truly
A soul touching, heart-and-head-delighting
Sound.

TOMÁS

What are you talking about?

TRUMPETER

He might

Join the band!

(PEPE, 1ST PAINTER, AND TRUMPETER STAND TOGETHER IN A LITTLE TRIANGLE. THEY RAP EACH OTHER'S HEADS AND MAKE--IN WALTZ TEMPO--SOUNDS IN IMITATION OF METAL ON GLASS. THE CROWD LAUGHS AND EVEN TOMÁS GETS THE JOKE, THOUGH NOT AS APPRECIATIVELY AS THE OTHERS.)

TOMÁS

I feel, perhaps, there's a better way.
Glass is scarce in this land and day.
I've a tale to tell that you might enjoy.

PEPE

Here, help him to the manger, boy.

(TWO OR THREE OF THE COMPANY VERY CAREFULLY--YET ENJOYING THE JOKE--HELP TOMÁS UP ON TO A LARGE PILE OF HAY, UP RIGHT.)

TOMÁS

I will tell you a story of two brothers and a quest.
Love is in the story and hate and all the rest.
Where it happened and exactly who the brothers were
Is not important. What is important are her
Eyes, which were blue, of course, and her hair
Which was gold and oh so fair. I begin.

(LIGHTS DIM, EXCEPT FOR A SPOT ON TOMÁS'S FACE, AND WIDER, SOFTER SPOT STAGE LEFT WHERE THREE OR FOUR OF THE COMPANY START TO DRAMATIZE THE STORY AS TOMÁS TELLS IT. THE TWO MUSICIANS, OF COURSE, FOLLOW THE STORY WITH THEIR MUSIC.)

TOMAS

There were two brothers, sons to a nobleman.
 Somehow--such is the absurdity of such tales--
 The father cannot remember, try as he can,
 Which is the older, which the younger man.

(TABLEAU. FATHER EXAMINING HIS SONS, TRYING TO REMEMBER.)

In their youth it made no difference to the two.
 They lived and played as brothers often do.
 But soon there came a time when age became important;
 For money was involved and a title in descent.

(THE TWO BOYS PLAY TOGETHER.)

So, as is inevitable in such tales,
 The father put a quest before the two.
 This is what he said and I leave it up to you,
 The truth of all and all that it entails.

(AS THE STORY PROGRESSES THE ACTORS CONTINUE ON THROUGH THE SPEECHES
 SO THAT AS THE STORY IS TOLD THEY CONTINUE THE ACTION.)

"Three things you must do before I give
 My land and title away. You must live
 In beauty, in bravery, and intelligence.
 I require an act indicative

Of each of these, and proof the act was done.
 You may go together or one by one.
 You must stay away from where we live
 And travel eastward to the rising sun.

An act of beauty is an act of bravery is an act
 Of intelligence." Each turned his back
 Upon the father and the father's land
 And rode off together to obey his command.

The first task was easy they both were quite strong.
 They both killed a dragon or some such weird beast.
 What the animal was matters not in the least.
 That they would win we've known all along.

But soon they to a castle came, of rocks
 And spires and dreary looking moats. Knocks
 Soon sounded through the echoing halls
 As they beat for entrance on the old oak walls.

There were two of them, both of them
So close--and in the middle of the night
The father came, and the mother came
Which is the story, which is the story?

(PARTIAL: PATRICK, WILLIAM, AND THE OTHERS)

In their hands, the mother and the father
They lived and died, and the mother and the father
Of course there were a few who were not
For money was not all that was in the world

(THE TWO BOYS, WILLIAM, AND THE OTHERS)

So, as is the story of the father and the mother
The father and the mother, and the mother and the father
This is the story of the father and the mother
The story of the father and the mother

(AS THE TWO BOYS, WILLIAM, AND THE OTHERS)

"There is no story, no story, no story
By hand and foot, and the mother and the father
In the night, in the night, in the night
I receive the story, the story, the story

Of each of them, and the mother and the father
You see, you see, you see, you see
You see, you see, you see, you see
And the mother and the father, the mother and the father

An end of the story, an end of the story
Of the father and the mother, the father and the mother
When the father and the mother, the father and the mother
And the mother and the father, the mother and the father

The first time we saw the mother and the father
They were both of them, the mother and the father
That the mother and the father, the mother and the father
That the mother and the father, the mother and the father

But now that is a story, a story, a story
And the mother and the father, the mother and the father
I have heard enough of the mother and the father
As they had, as they had, as they had

An old and weazened man appeared
 And asked what they required.
 He was old, as I said, with a long grey beard
 And shabbily attired.

He heard their tale and asked them in
 Grinning all the while.
 Then he spoke with a voice as old as sin,
 "I can help you in your trial.

I've waited long for such as you.
 I knew that you would come.
 I need a man both brave and true."
 Then he laid down in death and was dumb.

They searched the castle but nothing found
 Until they came to a room.
 Their brave steps echoed with such a sound
 That they knew that this was a tomb.

And over the casket there was a sign
 That made their hearts leap with joy.
 It said, "Under this casket is a mine
 Of gold. To gain entrance you must employ

All the wit that you can.
 Answer this question if you would behold
 The gold as it lies in its bed.
 WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE 'TWEEN BEAST AND MAN?"

The first one tried the best that he could
 But nothing came to his head.
 Now it came to the second to try
 He walks to tomb, his looks belie

The excitement of his heart. But his
 Answers are as nothing to the crypt,
 And he knows not, too. But now is slipt
 Beside him, his twin. No fancy this,

He knows! However, he calls it not.
 His chance is gone, he knows it.
 The answer to the question, so long forgot,
 He holds like a lily and bestows it

On his brother. The brother chants
 The word, the answer to the written query.
 "LAUGHTER" he says, as in a trance.
 "LAUGHTER" again, they cry together.

The stone rolls back and instead of gold
 To brighten the air, they both behold
 A treasure dearer than ever seen
 A girl asleep, and they both know, a Queen.

But though her beauty fills their eyes
 Like flowers on some summer afternoon
 Their hearts are filled with joy too soon
 For the girl was immobilized, like stone.

All their efforts were in vain
 They could not make her breathe again.
 Nor could they leave, for here was bliss
 So each on her lips bestowed a kiss.

And this they vowed will be our fate;
 Henceforth, in this place we'll live. Anticipate
 Two sons, two lovers, two men not whole
 For until she lives again, she will we imitate.

We accept this as our role; for life
 Without her warmth would be but as a knife
 Slipped carefully within the chest.
 We henceforth end all argument and strife.

Our father's wealth---the reason for this quest---
 May rot in all its fancy dungeons. The rest
 Is time and beauty told in chiseled stone.
 Then, before the living statue, gold and amethyst

They laid, and strings of pearls for her alone.
 They took their places each beside her throne,
 And thus created beauty, though they knew it not.
 The required acts were done.

(THERE IS A PAUSE AND THE LIGHTS COME UP. EVERYONE LOOKS AT
 EVERYONE ELSE. PAUSE.)

PEPE

Well, what happened?

ARTIST

You can't leave us like this!

VIOLINIST

It's like going to bed without capping a chord.

(TOMÁS LAUGHS AT THEM.)

The stone walls and towers of the
to breathe the air, to see the
A garden of flowers and a path
A great archway, and a great tower

But through the garden, the
like flowers on a stem, a tree
their hands are lifted, and
for the first time, a new light

All their old ways are gone
They walk, and they are
For each of them, a new way
So much as they can see

And this new world is
homeless, and they are
Two men, two women, and a child
For each of them, a new way
we accept this as our new way
Richard was a man of many ways
Shipped carefully, and he was
he brought with him a new way

Our father, Richard, was a man of many ways
He was not like the other men of his time
He was not like the other men of his time
He was not like the other men of his time

They were not like the other men of his time
They were not like the other men of his time
They were not like the other men of his time
They were not like the other men of his time

(There is a way, and the way is new, and the way is new,
Everyone else, they are not like the other men of his time)

Well, what happened?

Why?

Richard was a man of many ways

Richard was a man of many ways

It's the way of the world, and the way of the world is new

(There is a way, and the way is new, and the way is new,
Everyone else, they are not like the other men of his time)

TOMÁS

The story is ended, really. Look, put yourselves
In the place of the brothers. Go home; sleep on it.

(THE CROWD TALKS AMONG THEMSELVES, TOMÁS IS LAUGHING STILL. PEPE IS
PUZZLED. AUNT LOOKS WRYLY AT TOMÁS.)

AUNT

A very beautiful story, but a trifle
Preclimactical, I think. Why, may I ask,
Did you leave them guessing?

TOMÁS

There is a meaning
To the tale, if you would but find it. Besides...

PEPE

Who got the girl?

TOMÁS

Who what?

PEPE

Got the girl?

TOMÁS

Does every woman have to be 'got'?

PEPE

Don't they?
You know, there are several things I could teach you.

(PEPE STANDS TO ONE SIDE TO HIMSELF, THINKING, LEAVING TOMÁS AND
AUNT ALONE FOR A MOMENT.)

TOMÁS

Are there?

AUNT

Who did get the girl, by the way? That's
Putting it rather crudely, I'll admit, but the story asks
A more pronounced ending. Or is it that you do not know?

(SHE LAUGHS AT HIM. HE NODS HIS HEAD.)

TOMAS

But it's a defendable ending. I thought it rather nice.

PEPE

I have it! I know the ending!

(TO THE CROWD.)

We've been deceived.

Mr. Man of Glass, if you will but sit here and watch,
I will finish the story for you.

(THERE IS A HURRIED CONVERGENCE BETWEEN THE PANTOMIMISTS AND PEPE. TOMAS SITS UP IN THE MANGER. THE PANTOMIMISTS STRIKE THE POSE THAT ENDED THE STORY. THE PANTOMIME IS MUCH BROADER NOW.)

PEPE

After seventeen days of sitting there
The brothers were quite bored.
There was time and time and time to spare,
So their statue they explored.

(THE BROTHERS YAWN, PLAY CARDS A MOMENT, YAWN SOME MORE, AND THEN RISE AND EXAMINE THE STATUE CAREFULLY.)

They made a discovery horrible
About their little lass.
It wasn't of gniess or mar-able,
But of bright and shining...glass!

(THERE IS A GREAT SHOUT OF GLEE FROM THE CROWD. THEY PICK THE STATUE UP--AS PLAYED BY THE GIRL DANCER--AND CARRY HER TO TOMAS'S STALL. HE IS TERRIBLY EMBARRASSED.)

And so our story, my gentle friends,
Has a bright and shining turn.
Instead of sleeping alone all night,
He can cuddle up with an urn!

(MORE LAUGHTER. IN THE MIDST OF THE EXCITEMENT THE PRIEST ENTERS, UP LEFT. THERE IS A SILENCE.)

PRIEST

Don't stop, my friends, I don't wish to interrupt.

(TOMÁS PUSHES THE GIRL OUT OF THE STALL HURRIEDLY.)

TOMÁS

It is nothing, sir, we were just...

PRIEST

Quite all right.

I understand.

(THE CROWD LAUGHS.)

TOMÁS

No you don't. I...

AUNT

Won't you

Join our company? We were amusing ourselves.
Pepe, find him a chair.

(PEPE DRAGS OUT A STOOL AND THE PRIEST SITS, DOWN RIGHT. THERE IS ANOTHER PAUSE. NO ONE KNOWS QUITE WHAT TO SAY. RESENTMENT OF THE PRIEST.)

1ST PAINTER

Sir Glasscase,

I am brave enough to voice what the others feel.
If this...this man is going to cause you trouble,
Please know that we are here. You may be nuts,
But, well, I think you're on the track.

TOMÁS

Thank you.

However, I feel that everything will be all right.
I thank you all. You may go; I have work to do.

(THE CROWD LEAVES, NOT WITHOUT SOME MUTTERING.)

Now, Father, what have you to say?

(PEPE AND AUNT RETIRE TO ONE SIDE.)

Don't stop, my friends, and let's go on.
(Tom) Please the first of the...

It is waiting, and we are here...
Wait.

I understand.
(The crowd laughs.)

EVER

WILLERS FATTY

Join our company for a...
Japan, China, and...

(Pete) Back out a little...
Another party, to the...
(Pete)

I am...
If this...
Please...
But, well, I think...

However, I feel...
I thank you all...

(The crowd laughs, and...

Now, friends, what have we...

(Pete and...

PRIEST

I would like to join you, but I can't.

TOMÁS

There is nothing to join. We're not a political party.

PRIEST

But you are trying to spread some ideas.

TOMÁS

We are.

PRIEST

Then I should like to join you, help you.
Together we could conquer the souls of men.

TOMÁS

I have no wish to conquer anyone or anything.

PRIEST

What I meant was, we could do on a grander
Scale what you are doing in this alley.

PEPE

Don't trust him, Tomás.

AUNT

Pepe, be quiet.

TOMÁS

As an ally
You would be welcome and gratefully. But you said
You couldn't. This interests me more than the fact
That you would.

PRIEST

This idiosyncrasy of yours,
This quirk, well, for a man of my position...

WIFE

I would like to join you, I hope.

WIFE

There is nothing certain, but no a definite part.

WIFE

But you are not a married man.

WIFE

Yes.

WIFE

Then I should like to join you, I hope.
Together we could manage the life of a man.

WIFE

I have no plan to become a man.

WIFE

That I meant was, we do not have a plan.
So far as you are concerned in this matter.

WIFE

Don't hurry me, please.

WIFE

I am not in a hurry.

WIFE

You would be a man and a woman, but you are not.
You cannot be a man and a woman, for you are not.
That you would.

WIFE

This is a photograph of a man.
This is a photograph of a woman.

TOMÁS

Position is one of the things I would de-emphasize.

PRIEST

Well, let us say, your position. Couldn't you accomplish More on a...different plane?

TOMÁS

This stuff, this glass
Is something, I'll grant you, I've evaded, even
To myself. I do know this; it's made life very
Difficult for me, and even worse for these,
My most beloved compatriots. But the metamorphosis
Helped--if superficially--in the small success
I have attained. I have therefore, a sort of
Sneaking fondness for my glassy body; a shy, if restrained,
Admiration.

PRIEST

I doubt it not. I feel much the same
For my own body. The point I would like to make is this;
That your success, I'm deathly afraid (and this is
The reason I can't join you) that your success
Is due, not to any innate and catholic ideas you
May have, but to the very fact of your mental instability!

TOMÁS

That is not true!

AUNT

These are awful accusations.

PRIEST

Mr. Man of Glass, I sincerely hope that I am wrong.
Today, in all honesty, I felt you right.
I wished myself a member of your group, under your
Bright arm. Your approach, though novel, shall we say,
Seems sound enough, as sound as any such approach to life
May be. But how much of your success depends...on what?

PEPE

In other words, Tomás, he likes the house,
But can't stand the road which leads to it.

TOMÁS

To put it blankly (black markings on a white wall)
What success I have attained would not be
If my body were as other's are?

PRIEST

I'm afraid so.

AUNT

For a pair of mystics, your emphasis on fleshy
Values is surprisingly strong. Pepe, be quiet.

TOMÁS

You are wrong, sir. My ideas are the same
As when I came here. The Idea has not changed a whit.
My methods, true, are different, but, as our fatuous
Friend says, what matter the road if the house
Be fine enough?

PRIEST

Nevertheless, I can't live in a house
Built on such false and ethereal foundations.

TOMÁS

Could only prove to you...

If I

PRIEST

You can.

AUNT

And now
We come to the reason for all the fuss.

PRIEST

That I can cure you.

I believe

TOMÁS

Change my glass to flesh?

It is my hope that you will find this letter of interest.

For a full of details, you may wish to consult the records.

For the purpose of this letter, I am not all the more to be
As you can see, the records are not all the more to be
by the records, and the records are not all the more to be
The records are not all the more to be

It is my hope that you will find this letter of interest.

Could only have to be...

For the purpose of this letter, I am not all the more to be

As you can see, the records are not all the more to be

by the records, and the records are not all the more to be

The records are not all the more to be

It is my hope that you will find this letter of interest.

For the purpose of this letter, I am not all the more to be

As you can see, the records are not all the more to be

PRIEST

If you wish to put it that way, yes.

AUNT

A trap, Tomás. Think what it would mean. A mesh,

TOMÁS

Then you believe him, too. You believe my
Idea nothing; that what I have attained is nothing
More than a cluster of people around a freak?

PEPE

Ideas for a freak. Pretty sound

AUNT

That is not true and you know it.
Oh, how can I explain. Listen, Tomás, your ideas
Are not new to the world. The world has brushed
Them off like flies for centuries. But you have,
By your personality, given them a freshness so desired--
If unknowingly--by all men. I know, and you know, the glass
Is nothing, intrinsically; yet, the glass has been,
As you've pointed out, a mirror and a window to your soul.

PRIEST

And one must have his pride.

PEPE

You keep out of it!

TOMÁS

Aunt, the ideas must
Stand by themselves, without this fakery.

(AUNT SUDDENLY TOSSES A STONE IN THE DIRECTION OF TOMÁS. HE RECOILS
IN HORROR.)

AUNT

Is that fakery?

TOMÁS

That's not what I mean.
 The glass is real enough, but an irrelevancy
 To the real idea which is truth. The truth
 Of the glass is a minor truth.

PEPE

A truth

Is a truth is a truth.

TOMÁS

Stop quibbling!

Priest, I will accept your offer. Cure me if you can.
 We shall see, we shall prove, we shall extricate
 A maimed idea. I want your help, but more
 Than that, I want my Idea laid bare upon the stone
 Of public satisfaction, for all to view
 With no distraction. Personal alienation
 And private pride should be mute externals.
 You two, my Aunt and my Pepe, my diurnal
 Blessings, for a while I must go alone.
 If there has been pride involved, I must atone
 For it. Each of us, then, you must understand,
 Is nothing. The command should pass to another's wit.
 We falsify truth by protecting it.
 It needs no protection, and even the glass
 Must go. I want to show more than a mere reflection
 Of a bodily integrity. That's vague enough as it is.
 You two, my plague of defense, my tough hide,
 No matter where I live, where I reside,
 In what flesh, in what inspired or uninspired attire,
 Your hearts will be to me a homely fireside.
 Wait here, if you will, and we shall see
 What will happen.

(ALMOST JAUNTILY NOW.)

Come, Priest, let's see your private magic.

(PRIEST AND TOMÁS EXIT UP LEFT.)

AUNT

Well, Pepe, my boy, what the hell will we do now?

(PEPE SHRUGS. THEY TURN AND WALK OFF UP LEFT AS

THE CURTAIN FALLS.)

ACT THREE

(THE CURTAIN COMES UP ON A DARKENED STAGE. THE SCENE IS THE SAME AS ACT TWO WITH THIS DIFFERENCE: INSTEAD OF A THREE DIMENSIONAL SET WE HAVE A DROP PAINTED TO REPRESENT THAT SET. THE DROP IS PLACED SO AS TO GIVE PLENTY OF PLAYING ROOM. AFTER THE LIGHTS COME UP WE SEE THE SERGEANT SITTING STAGE RIGHT, ON THE FLOOR, WITH HIS BACK AGAINST THE PROSCENIUM, ASLEEP, OR APPARENTLY SO. STAGE LEFT THE SLEEPING BAGS OF THE TWO SOLDIERS CAN BE SEEN.)

THE SCENE FOR THE ACTORS IS SIX MONTHS LATER: FOR THE SERGEANT AND THE SOLDIERS IT IS ONE HOUR LATER.)

1ST SOLDIER

(SITTING UP, YAWNING AND LOOKING AT HIS WATCH.)

Hey, Sarge, it's almost one thirty. Do you want me to take over now? You look sleepy.

SERGEANT

(SITTING UP ABRUPTLY.)

No, go back to sleep. I'll make it for a while. I was just thinking.

1ST SOLDIER

All right; you just yell if you want me.

(TO THE OTHER SOLDIER, WHO GIVES A LOUD SNORE.)

Snorer! Shut up! Do you hear me?

2ND SOLDIER

What! What! You interrupted a very beautiful dream. Now go to sleep.

SERGEANT

(TO HIMSELF.)

Beautiful is not the word, but it will do;
Nor dream, I think. My pattern is askew.

(HE DROPS HIS HEAD TO HIS KNEES AGAIN. THERE IS A SUDDEN NOISE AS A KNIFE RIPS A HOLE IN THE DROP LARGE ENOUGH FOR A MAN TO WALK THROUGH. THE HOLE APPEARS ABOUT WHERE THE ALLEY-WAY IS PAINTED. THE SERGEANT LOOKS UP IN TIME TO SEE THE 1ST AND 2ND PAINTERS CLIMBING THROUGH THE HOLE. THE SERGEANT CHUCKLES AND DROPS HIS HEAD TO HIS KNEES. THE ACTING DURING THE REST OF THE ACT IS RATHER MORE STYLIZED--LESS REAL--THAN THE OTHER TWO ACTS. THE TWO SOLDIERS, HOWEVER, MUST BE VERY REAL.)

2ND PAINTER

Hello, Francisco. I seem to see a smile of monetary Satisfaction on your face. Don't tell me now that The diffident God who perches on our shoulders and Guides the hand has seen fit to offer some reward?

1ST PAINTER

Not a God, my friend, but the most lovely Committee man who ever deigned his jaundiced eye To glance upon a canvas. If you will but Take the third turn to your left in the second Corridor of the gallery you will see my Blue Goose Hanging there.

2ND PAINTER

The Gallery?

1ST PAINTER

Yes,
Damn it! And I am fifteen silver pieces richer.

2ND PAINTER

Why not thirty, friend?

1ST PAINTER

Because that is all...
Oh, I see... I needed the money! You know, paints And things.

2ND PAINTER

Yes, I know; I know. Paints and things.

1ST PAINTER

You make me sound like a traitor or something. Fool,
Why should I go hungry just to satisfy his metaphysical

(HE LOOKS AT HER AND SHE LOOKS AT HIM. THERE IS A SILENCE. SHE
KNOWS HE ISN'T IN THE ROOM. SHE KNOWS HE ISN'T IN THE ROOM.
THE ROOM IS EMPTY. SHE KNOWS HE ISN'T IN THE ROOM. SHE KNOWS
LOOKS UP IN THE AIR. SHE KNOWS HE ISN'T IN THE ROOM. SHE KNOWS
THE HOUSE. THE HOUSE IS EMPTY. SHE KNOWS HE ISN'T IN THE ROOM.
ACTING BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE HOUSE. SHE KNOWS HE ISN'T IN THE ROOM.
THAN THE OTHER SIDE. SHE KNOWS HE ISN'T IN THE ROOM.

END OF THE

She, however, I am not a child of nature.
Satisfaction of your love, you'll tell me that.
The little one and you are on the same level.
Gather the heart of the little one to a friend.

END OF THE

Not a word to me, not a word to me.
Gather the heart of the little one to a friend.
To the little one, you'll tell me that.
Take the little one to the little one.
Gather the heart of the little one to a friend.
Gather the heart of the little one to a friend.

END OF THE

END OF THE

END OF THE

Yes, I am a little one, I am a little one.
I am a little one, I am a little one.

END OF THE

Why not think, I am a little one.

END OF THE

Yes, I am a little one, I am a little one.
Oh, I see... I see... I see... I see...
And things.

END OF THE

Yes, I am a little one, I am a little one.
I am a little one, I am a little one.

END OF THE

You make me feel like a child of nature.
Why should I be a child of nature?

Whim? What have his pretty little preachments to do
With me? You'd think I'd sold my soul or something.
After all, I didn't change the picture or my style
For them. They took it as it is. All I have to do...

2ND PAINTER

Is what?

1ST PAINTER

Oh, nothing; paint a portrait of the chairman.
Don't look at me like that! Besides, Tomás bores me.

2ND PAINTER

He didn't bore you before.

1ST PAINTER

He bores me now.

He grows tiresome.

(THERE IS A PAUSE.)

Friend?

2ND PAINTER

Yes?

1ST PAINTER

The excitement,

It's gone.

2ND PAINTER

You're like the others. Then it seemed
The clever thing to do. As you say, the excitement,
The glamour is gone. What about what he had to say?

1ST PAINTER

I never listened; I never cared.

(ANOTHER PAUSE.)

Of course. I did listen and I did care; but it's a
That's not true,

Futile philosophy now. Musty, like the smell of an Old and tiresome book. The dust gets in your nose. Of course, I'm ashamed! Don't stare at me as if I'd Stabbed you--or him!--with a palette knife. I went Back and he seemed small and foolish--or was it me?-- And I wanted to run and I wanted to cry. I didn't do either. I sold my picture to the institute. Now I have to go; I have important work to do.

(1ST PAINTER EXITS.)

2ND PAINTER

I wonder if I can be as honest with myself. Motives are damnable things; but when one looks For motives for motives...well, I don't know.

(2ND PAINTER EXITS.)

SERGEANT

Who's crazy now? Damn it, who's...

(TOMAS, DRESSED IN ORDINARY CLOTHES, AUNT, PEPE ENTER FROM RIGHT.)

TOMAS

...crazy now?

What's glass? What's sanity? What's inevitable? Now what am I to believe? Aunt, I've come to Doubt myself. I don't mean my ideas or that; But my very existence. (Now here's the alley; What was I going to do?) Existence, mind you! Time, place, and plausibility of either.

(HE SEEMS TO BE IN AN IRONICALLY GOOD HUMOR.)

From a really honest skepticism
To a juvenile, though expected, doubt;
Past a signpost indicating belief,
(Believe it or not, a pestering sign,)
To an oracular, innocent and ego-circumscribed
Bubble (glass bubble) of tiresome truths;
To an wholly inappropriate honest, honest, honest
Idealism--conjunction of Idea plus ism ism ism.
The bubble bursts and we sail over the setting sun
Into the beautiful, lovely, cute-trite-cute valley
Replete with trees and things of ag-nos-ti-cism!

(HE STOPS, LOOKS AT AUNT, PEPE, THE ALLEY, HIMSELF, AND...)

God damn me!

(BURSTS OUT LAUGHING. NOTHING, ABSOLUTELY NOTHING HYSTERICAL. PAUSE.)

I miss the excitement, though.

(AUNT IS ANGRY.)

Don't you? A fine bunch of china figurines
We had for friends!

AUNT

Don't blame them. Look
At yourself.

TOMÁS

(HE ROARS AT HER ANGRILY.)

Will you please be quiet?

(NOW PEPE IS VERY ANGRY.)

PEPE

Now that you're no longer glass you may expect
A beating from me. And a good one. You, Tomás,
Are getting slightly petty.

(TOMÁS FALLS INTO AUNT'S ARMS CRYING.)

TOMÁS

What's happened,
What's happened to me? What can I say to you?
Sorry, sorry, sorrow.

(GETS UP AND WANDERS AROUND.)

Why don't you two leave?
We would all do better on different paths now.

AUNT

What are you going to do, Tomás?

PEPE

What difference
Does it make to you, Aunt. He's done, that boy.

NOT A PART

(FIRSTS NOT PARTS) THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

(WHAT IS A PART)

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

(NOW THIS IS THE FIRST PART)

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

(TODAY'S PART OF THE FIRST PART)

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

(THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART)

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART

AUNT

He's not! You never believed in him anyway.
Why are you going to leave now?

PEPE

I'm not.

(THEY BOTH LOOK AT HIM.)

Why should I? I'm sort of used to his foolishness.
Besides, what would I do for laughs when he's gone?

AUNT

Well, I'm not going to leave; that's as sure as Spring.

TOMÁS

Don't I have anything to say about it? What am I,
A child? All right; I'm a child. Now I want to grow up.

PEPE

I sort of think you have. It was a struggle;
But we made it.

TOMÁS

Have we, Aunt? Have we?

AUNT

Only you can know that.

TOMÁS

And I don't know.

PEPE

Well, here's the alley again. Smells like old living.

TOMÁS

Good living, wasn't it? Good and foolish times.
Victory and defeat and the impertinences of living,
Here in a dirty alley full of old smells. Now...
Oh, I don't know; I don't know.

AUNT

The air isn't right
 For giving up, I think. It was just a battle, Tomás;
 Just a battle and a configuration of time. A bubble.

TOMÁS

More, Aunt. More, Pepe. More than just a battle.
 The Priest...

PEPE

Damn him!

TOMÁS

maybe so, maybe so,
 But never-the-hell-less, it seems he was right.

AUNT

So he was right; so the glass was important.
 There is still the idea.

(PAUSE.)

Isn't there?

(HE TURNS AWAY.)

Isn't there, Tomás? Answer me. The Idea,
 Can't we go on with it? It's something, isn't it?
 Tomás, answer me!

TOMÁS

I don't know, Aunt; I simply
 Don't know! I think it seems sort of foolish.
 I think I was sort of foolish. A child's game
 With adult pieces. Playing chess with yourself.

AUNT

And what about me? Am I a child? And them?
 What about the people? They were part of it.

TOMÁS

(HE ROARS AGAIN.)

They aren't any more! Don't you see, they...
 They don't believe! As a lunatic I was successful;
 Successful in making a fool of myself and you.

AUNT

You didn't make fools of them.

PEPE

Or of us, if you care
 To know. They are the innocent ones now, Tomás.

TOMÁS

What did you say?

PEPE

They are the innocents now.

TOMÁS

Now. Now, they are innocent. And I, what am I?
 Innocence was a part of it, wasn't it, Aunt, Pepe?
 Innocence was a greater part somehow. I had the
 Innocence then and gave it to them. But there was
 A knowing in that innocence. Now they are as they were.
 What hurts is that all that we went over together,
 All that it seemed that I imparted to them, is gone.
 Oh, this is all mixed up!

PEPE

A green salad of impertinences.

TOMÁS

You two, tell me; what shall I do? What?
 Would I were glass again, unreal again.

AUNT

You can't go back, Tomás. You have been hurt
 By the rebuff they gave you; but is it any more
 Than the first? Have you learned nothing of the
 Tactics of crusading?

TOMÁS

I wonder, the old ones,
Could they be gathered together again?

PEPE

I'd like
To see them. That girl—what's her name?—
The dancer; I'd like to see her.

AUNT

And Petréo of the stones;
I wonder what's happened to him.

TOMÁS

Potentialities there;
Yes, yes, real possibilities. And the musicians.
The old fake with his sugar water and pamphlets. As sure
As we're treading time here in this alley, he's around!

AUNT

This town needs some excitement; a moral licking!

TOMÁS

Let's try it! Gird yourself, Pepe! Up we go, Aunt!

PEPE

Tomás, you stay here. We'll find the men.
We'll find the rest and return.

AUNT

Pepe, I'll take the plaza
And you the outskirts of town. Tomás is fighting again!

(PEPE AND AUNT EXIT HURRIEDLY. TOMÁS PACES FOR A MOMENT OR TWO.)

TOMÁS

You can't go back, Tomas; you can't. Then why
This effort, like the spasm of an animal
Mortally wounded? The juice of life seems gone,
Boiled out, sopped up in that wild activity.
Why should it be? My third decade of life is still

A going, if not a thriving, concern. It's the will
 That's flattened, dead. They've taken the head
 Now, those who were once unwilling followers,
 And I must follow, must make an attempt, at least.
 That which is bad within me, the miserly beast
 Of fear and resentment, cowers at the new battle.
 Why do I fear them so, those who rail and rattle
 Hollow bones of contempt? Illusions of ideals,
 Dreams of burnished utopias, threats and appeals
 For anti-egocentricities, all sagging pillars
 Of my egocentric madness. Where there's a will there's
 A pattern, and the pattern has run out in streamers
 Lashed by a vague wind. Oh, poets and dreamers,
 Oh, men of faith and men of courage, oh, you mystic
 Clutching your string of beads over a cold fire,
 See here your ex-companion, your champion, a soul for hire!

(LIGHTS FADE CONSIDERABLY ON TOMÁS, AND A SPOT COMES UP ON THE SER-
 GEANT. HE TALKS TO THE AUDIENCE.)

SERGEANT

If you've noticed, during this whole thing,
 Whenever our hero gets in too serious a vein
 The walls fall in, the heavens collapse.
 He's at his worst right now, as you can see.
 The reason I point this out is that I,
 As the reviewer, the interlocutor, the spy,
 Have just now noticed it myself.
 That is enough of a lesson for any man,
 Since so few men gain any lesson at all
 In their lives. I am blessed, or fated,
 By a strength of recall, shall we say,
 Or a particularly virulent strain of imagination
 Which enables me to see these things
 And perhaps pass them on to you.
 But please don't think that this is the point
 Of the story; it isn't, just an afterthought, an incident.
 If I would be honest with myself...

But I won't.

(THE LIGHTS COME BACK UP ON TOMÁS, AND DOWN ON THE SERGEANT. TOMÁS
 APPEARS TO BE HAVING AN ARGUMENT WITH HIMSELF. FROM HERE ON THE PACE
 OF THE PLAY QUICKENS.)

TOMÁS

I wonder what is keeping them?
 I wonder where they are?

A young, it's not a girl, it's a boy,
That's the name, that's the name,
Now, these two were once together,
And I must believe, that's the name,
That which is not a girl, it's a boy,
Of love and romance, that's the name,
Why do I feel this way, that's the name,
Hollow bones of romance, that's the name,
From my romantic mind, that's the name,
A dream, and the girl is not a girl,
Lashed by a vision, that's the name,
Oh, men of faith, that's the name,
Clashing your swords, that's the name,
See here your romance, that's the name,

(LIGHTS FALL CONSIDERABLY IN THE DARK, BUT THE LIGHTS ARE NOT
DOWN, HE TAKES TO THE FLOOR.)

It's not a girl, it's a boy,
That's the name, that's the name,
The walls fall in, the walls fall in,
He's not a girl, it's a boy,
The reason I feel this way, that's the name,
At the moment, that's the name,
Have just now, that's the name,
That is enough of a reason for me,
Since so far, that's the name,
In their lives, that's the name,
By a strength of mind, that's the name,
Or a strength of mind, that's the name,
Which makes me to be a man,
And perhaps that's the name,
But please don't think that's the name,
Of the story, that's the name,
If I would be honest, that's the name,

(THE LIGHTS FALL DARK, BUT THE LIGHTS ARE NOT
DOWN, HE TAKES TO THE FLOOR, AND THE LIGHTS
ON THE FLOOR.)

I wonder what it's like,
I wonder what it's like,

It's like living on the simian strength of a prayer.
 Wait, wait, wait, wait; is that a life for you?
 Oh, why don't they come? Let's get done with it.

(AUNT ENTERS RIGHT. PEPE ENTERS LEFT. THEY SHRUG THEIR SHOULDERS
 AT EACH OTHER OVER TOMÁS'S HEAD.)

Well, well, what's the news?

AUNT

Now, Tomás, let's go slowly. We must
 Start from the bottom, you know. It's just,
 You know, that first things come first, you know.

PEPE

I found the medicine man and his affable crew;
 But Tomás, it was a terrible thing I had to do.

TOMÁS

What do you mean, terrible?

PEPE

Not terrible, exactly.

TOMÁS

What was it, exactly?

PEPE

Degrading, perhaps, or a case of
 Reversionalism.

AUNT

A good new word, my boy.

TOMÁS

Nothing good about it. Reversionalism!

PEPE

Well, it means
 We have to make a reversion of tactics. Tomás,
 I had to pay them to come.

TOMÁS

Pay them? Insufferable!
Disgusting! Why all I've done for them! All the things...

(SERGEANT'S VOICE)

What the hell have you done for them, old boy?

TOMÁS

What? Well, at any rate...I never guessed...but...
Aunt, dear Aunt, I know I am a pest, but...

AUNT

Well, a crowd will be here, soon, too. They follow in
line the medicine crew. You'll have people to wallow in.
But Tomás, lad,

PEPE

It's sad, my boy,

AUNT

my life, my joy,

TOMÁS

Come to the God-damned point, if you please. Strife,
Degradation, and damnation! What's the trouble?

AUNT

Calm down, calm down. It's not as bad as that.

PEPE

We had to pay them to come...

TOMÁS

Oh, is that all? Well, why didn't you say it?
What's the tab, chappy? I'll pay it.

PEPE

I wasn't worrying about the money; Oh, you'll see.

John

Diagnosis: My all-time favorite! All the answers.

(Sighs)

What the hell have you done for them, old boy?

John

What? Well, at any rate... I've got to...
And, dear lord, I know I'm a mess, but...

John

Well, a crowd will be here, soon. They'll be...
This is the medicine chest. I'll have to...
But I'm not, I'm not.

John

It's not, is it?

John

My dear boy,

John

Come to the God-damn point, I've got to...
I've got to, I've got to, I've got to.

John

Calm down, calm down. It's not as bad as that.

John

We had to pay them to come...

John

Oh, is that all? Well, my dear boy, it's...
What's the deal, anyway? I'll tell you.

John

I wasn't worried about the money, but you know.

(SERGEANT'S VOICE)

If you'll take my advice--which you won't, Tomás--you'll see if you can gather some wisp of your old sense of humor again. You'll need it.

TOMÁS

Well, I guess I'm ready for them.
Come, you two, I'm not afraid; are you?

AUNT

I'm not; in fact it might be fun.

PEPE

One for all and all for one.

(THE TRIO STANDS TOGETHER LOOKING FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE THREE PEOPLE ABOUT TO BE SET UPON AND BEATEN. IN A MOMENT THERE IS A BURST OF NOISE FROM OFF STAGE. IT IS QUIET FOR A SECOND, AND THEN ANOTHER BURST OF NOISE, EVEN LOUDER. THE RACKET BECOMES CONTINUOUS AND MUSIC IS HEARD ABOVE IT, LOUD, RAUCOUS, DISHARMONIC MUSIC. THEN EVERYONE ENTERS. IT IS THE SAME PEOPLE ALL RIGHT, BUT THEY SEEM DIFFERENT. PETRÉO, FOR INSTANCE, FOLLOWS THE LITTLE BOY WITH AN ALMOST WORSHIPFUL AIR AS THE LITTLE BOY ALMOST CASUALLY TOSSES A FEW BRIGHTLY COLORED STONES IN THE AIR. THE DANCER, ONCE FRESH AND DELIGHTFUL, NOW LOOKS AND DANCES IN A LEWD MANNER. THEY ARE FINALLY ALL ON STAGE, AND THERE IS A LONG PAUSE AS THEY LOOK AT TOMÁS.)

1ST MAN

Well, if it isn't glass ass himself!

(THERE IS A BURST OF LAUGHTER FROM THE CROWD. PEPE WALKS FORWARD, PURPOSEFULLY. THE CROWD RETREATS.)

PEPE

You are all very welcome.

(HE LAUGHS DISDAINFULLY.)

AUNT

Friends...

1ST MAN

Who said so?

PEPE

She did.

(PEPE GRABS HIS ARM.)

AUNT

Friends...

(SHE LOOKS ENQUIRINGLY AT THE MAN, STILL IN PEPE'S GRASP.)

1ST MAN

That's right. Friends. Pray go on.

(PEPE AND AUNT SMILE ON THE CROWD.)

AUNT

Again I welcome you to this now famous alley,
The scene, if you'll remember, of some rather
Good times; ones which we hope to duplicate.

2ND MAN

What about the piece of cracked plate?

TOMAS

Me, you mean?

3RD MAN

Have you been polished today?

(THE CROWD LAUGHS!)

1ST MAN

(SARCASTICALLY, AS HE RETREATS FROM PEPE.)

Gentlemen, stop. Let's hear what he has to say.

VOICE

What about the music?

1914

Who said so?

Why?

Who said so?

(PEEP WAKES HIS ARM.)

Why?

...

(THE DOOR OPENS SILENTLY AT THE END OF THE SCENE.)

1914

That's right, it's the same.

(THEY ARE ABOUT TO GO OUT.)

1914

Again I welcome you to this house. The scene, it's the same. Good night, come with us now.

1914

What about the place of business?

1914

(THEY ARE ABOUT TO GO OUT.)

1914

Have you been looking for it?

(THEY LAUGH.)

1914

(SARCASTICALLY, AS HE RE-ENTERS THE DOOR.)

Goodnight, good night, good night to you.

1914

What about the money?

ANOTHER VOICE

We came for a show!

AUNT

(TO MUSICIANS.)

Well, go ahead.

VIOLINIST

We want more money.

PEPE

Why, you....!

AUNT

Pepe, stop! You have been paid. Play.

TRUMPETER

I would be glad to play, but he...

(HE POINTS HELPLESSLY TO THE VIOLINIST.)

VIOLINIST

We only said
We'd come. That was what we were paid for. To play
Is another matter. No money; no music.

TOMÁS

Pay him,

Pepe.

PEPE

He took all I had. We're flat broke.

VIOLINIST

Too bad.

PRIEST

Wait!

(THEY ALL TURN AND LOOK UP. THE PRIEST IS LOOKING THROUGH A HOLE IN THE DROP.)

There's the money. Play, you less than men.

((HE TOSSES A BAG OF MONEY. THEY PREPARE TO PLAY.))

TOMÁS

I don't need your help. I'll go it alone.

AUNT

He understands. He's still afraid of you, Tomás.
But beggars and choosers and things. Take his offer.

PRIEST

There's more in the coffer...

PEPE

A more than obvious point.

PRIEST

What do you mean?

(PEPE TURNS TO THE CROWD.)

PEPE

Do you think the father broke?

VIOLINIST

Do you want us to play? What do you say?

TOMÁS

Go ahead, go ahead. It's all right with me.

VIOLINIST

I'm asking the Reverend up there.

PEPE

Up there!

Must we always look up to such things and men.
Humility seems to be a forgotten trait.

(THEY ALL TURN AND GO TO THE DOOR. THE DOOR IS OPENED BY A WOMAN.)

There's the man. Now, you know him.

((HE TURNS + SAYS TO HER. SHE LOOKS AT HIM + SAYS:))

I don't need your help. I can do it.

He understands. He's still alive in your heart. But beggars and cowards are not the same.

There's something in the air...

What do you mean?

((HE TURNS TO THE DOOR))

Do you want to be like him? Do you want to be like him?

Go ahead, go ahead. It's all right with me.

I'm asking the Governor to help.

Just go along. Look in the face of the man who's been your friend.

PRIEST

I've noticed that, of late, you three
Have an abundance of that commodity.
But play, play; we need the diversion.

(THE MUSICIANS START TO PLAY ENERGETICALLY. THE DANCER OFFERS TO DANCE WITH PEPE BUT HE REBUFFS HER. OUR TRIO FORMS A DOWN RIGHT TRIANGLE, TALKING THINGS OVER. EVERYTHING, THE MUSIC, THE REACTIONS OF THE CROWD, SEEM STILTED AND BROAD. LIGHTS GO DOWN SLOWLY ON THE SCENE, AND A SPOTLIGHT COMES UP DOWN LEFT WHERE THE TWO SOLDIERS ARE SEEN CRAWLING OUT OF THEIR SLEEPING BAGS.)

2ND SOLDIER

I thought you were supposed to be on guard.

1ST SOLDIER

I was, but he never woke me. Said he wasn't sleepy.

2ND SOLDIER

(LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.)

What's the trouble he carries, I wonder. Never seen anyone like him.

1ST SOLDIER

Damned if I know. He's always been like that, ever since he joined this outfit. Real weird guy, Tomas Rodaja.

2ND SOLDIER

Yeah, Sure is. Say, what time is it?

1ST SOLDIER

I don't know. Not dawn yet.

SERGEANT

(FROM THE RIGHT.)

Go on back to sleep, you guys. We can't leave until it get light. Unless you've figured out where the hell we are.

2ND SOLDIER

I don't know; but I'll take it up with my genie.

(HE TAKES A BOTTLE OUT FROM UNDER HIS BAG AND TAKES A BIG SWIG FROM IT. HE PEERS INTENTLY INTO THE BOTTLE.)

Say, genie, know where we are? The genie says he don't know, Sarge.

(1ST SOLDIER MAKES AN UNSUCCESSFUL GRAB FOR HIS FRIEND'S BOTTLE.)

1ST SOLDIER

Let me ask him. I have a way with genies.

2ND SOLDIER

Sorry, this is a personal genie.

(THEY GO BACK INTO THEIR SLEEPING BAGS OFF LEFT. LIGHTS COME UP AS THE MUSIC STOPS. TOMÁS COMES FORWARD AND STARTS TO SPEAK.)

TOMÁS

Well, friends, here I am again. Same old message,
Same old speech, but I do have a different...

VIOLINIST

Suppose I say a few words first, friend.
After all, I have a living to make.

(TOMÁS LOOKS TO THE PRIEST.)

PRIEST

That seems only fair, Mr. Glass; after all
You are something of an extracurricular activity,
Are you not?

TOMÁS

I am not, and you know it!

PRIEST

I know nothing of the sort. Proceed, sir.

VIOLINIST

(HE IS THE VENDOR AGAIN.)

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen!
Give the little lady a hand. Thank you, my dear.

(HE TAKES A LONG BREATH AND LOOKS AT THE CAMERA)
IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER DONE THIS

SAY, GUY, I'M A LITTLE NERVOUS, BUT I'VE GOT TO DO THIS

(HE LOOKS AT THE CAMERA AND SMILES)
I'M A LITTLE NERVOUS, BUT I'VE GOT TO DO THIS

I'M A LITTLE NERVOUS, BUT I'VE GOT TO DO THIS

I'M A LITTLE NERVOUS, BUT I'VE GOT TO DO THIS

I'M A LITTLE NERVOUS, BUT I'VE GOT TO DO THIS

SORRY, THIS IS A PERSONAL RECORD

(HEY, I'M A LITTLE NERVOUS, BUT I'VE GOT TO DO THIS)
AS THE FIRST TIME, I'VE GOT TO DO THIS

I'M A LITTLE NERVOUS, BUT I'VE GOT TO DO THIS

Well, I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

(HEY, I'M A LITTLE NERVOUS, BUT I'VE GOT TO DO THIS)
I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

(HE IS THE FIRST TO DO THIS)

So, I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

I'm a little nervous, but I've got to do this

I have here the answer to all your problems!
 The world has breathlessly been awaiting this!
 For eons and decades and centuries you have waited!
 Whole civilizations have gone down in bloody
 Turmoil waiting for just the answer I have here!
 Do you want to know what it is? What it does?
 I shall tell you...

TOMÁS

(TO PRIEST, AS VENDOR CONTINUES IN PANTOMIME.)

You really are afraid of me, are you not?
 This gives me some confidence, at least.

PRIEST

I am not afraid of ineffectuality, my friend.

(SERGEANT'S VOICE)

Answer that one, Tomás; answer that one.

PEPE

Tomás, may I throw a rock at him?

AUNT.

Certainly not;

I am first.

TOMÁS

Nothing of the sort, you hear.

(SERGEANT'S VOICE)

Some sort of climax, I feel, is drawing near.

VENDOR

If these are the things that make your life a hell...

PRIEST

It seems they live no longer in your spell.

VENDOR

I come among you as a messiah!

I have been thinking of you a great deal lately
The way I feel about you is something I can't
tell you and I know you can't tell me
I hope you are well and happy
I will tell you...

(TO BE REPRODUCED IN FULL)

You really are a great person
This gives me a great deal of pleasure

COLLON CONTENT

I am not afraid of you (I am not afraid of you)
I am not afraid of you (I am not afraid of you)
I am not afraid of you (I am not afraid of you)
I am not afraid of you (I am not afraid of you)

Today, my I have a great deal of pleasure

I am tired.

Not only of your work but also of your life.

(I am not afraid of you)

Some of the things I have done in my life...

If there are the things that you have done...

It seems that I have no more to say to you.

I come among you as a friend.

PRIEST

You are reduced, my friend, to a mild pariah.

TOMÁS

If he can shout then I think I can.

(SERGEANT'S VOICE)

Your shouting was never much good, old man.

TOMÁS

(TOGETHER WITH VENDOR.)

Please, listen to me, do you hear?
Don't pay any attention to either of them.
They really haven't your good at heart;
You should know that by now. Oh, my friends,
I never let you down, did I? Can't you see
What you are doing to you and me?
I have offered you a better way of living;
I have shown the way. There should be thanksgiving
In your hearts, but you stand like dolts,
Like stupid creatures, that I know you are not.

VENDOR

(TOGETHER WITH TOMÁS.)

Here, in this bottle, is the answer.
It's contents will absolutely cure you of anything!
"How am I to know," you say, "that this is true?"
"Can I take this fellow's word? Can I?"
Of course not! That would be the action of a fool.
My attendants will pass among you with a booklet.
In this booklet—full of lovely pictures
And witty sayings—you will find the names
Of the many great and near-great who have
Used my potion—with enormous success—
And have given me permission to use their names.

(BOTH THE VENDOR AND TOMÁS ARE SHOUTING AT THE TOP OF THEIR LUNGS. THE RACKET IS APPALLING. THE PRIEST IS LAUGHING OUTRAGEOUSLY. PEPE AND AUNT ARE AT FIRST TOO STUNNED BY THE NOISE AND CONFUSION TO DO ANYTHING BUT STAND THERE. THEN THEY ARE DROWNED IN LAUGHTER, AS IS THE CROWD. THE TRUMPETER, FOR NO GOOD REASON AT ALL, TAKES HIS HORN AND BEGINS TO BLOW. THE TWO JUGGLERS ARE JUGGLING FURIOUSLY. SOON THE SERGEANT APPEARS AND LAUGHS ALSO. PEPE AND

AUNT SEE HIM, STOP LAUGHING A MOMENT, THEN SHRUG AND CONTINUE. THE TWO SOLDIERS PEER OUT ON STAGE TO SEE WHAT THE COMMOTION IS ABOUT. THEY LAUGH, ALTHOUGH THEY DON'T ENTIRELY GET THE JOKE. FINALLY TOMAS AND THE VENDOR FALL BACK EXHAUSTED, GLARING AT EACH OTHER. THE TRUMPETER--SEEING HIS CHANCE--STARTS A MARCH AND LEADS EVERYONE BUT TOMAS, AUNT, PEPE, AND THE PRIEST OUT. TOMAS, UNFORTUNATELY, IS TRAMPLED IN THE RUSH. THE PRIEST SUDDENLY DISAPPEARS FROM HIS HOLE IN THE DROP. PEPE AND AUNT GO BACK--STILL LAUGHING--TO CONSOLE TOMAS. AS THEY DO, A SCRIM DROPS RAPIDLY BETWEEN THEM AND THE AUDIENCE, LEAVING ONLY THE SERGEANT AND THE TWO SOLDIERS, STILL LAUGHING. IT IS APPARENT NOW, BUT NOT BEFORE NOW, THAT THE SOLDIERS ARE LAUGHING AT THE SERGEANT WHO IS APPARENTLY LAUGHING AT NOTHING AT ALL BUT SOME PRIVATE JOKE. HE STOPS AND GLARES AT THE SOLDIERS AND THEY DISAPPEAR LEFT AGAIN. THEN THE LIGHTS GO DOWN ON THE DOWN STAGE SIDE OF THE SCRIM, BRINGING THE TRIO INTO VIEW AGAIN.)

PEPE

This seems to be a rather familiar situation.

AUNT

Yes, now that you mention it, it does.

PEPE

But he's a good lad, if outspoken, I may say.

AUNT

This time he has the strength to fight another day.
Well, boy, how flies the ego now?

TOMAS

Battered a bit,
It seems. Aunt, I wish you would teach me...

AUNT

What?

TOMAS

How to force these features of mine into a wry smile.
I need it.

PEPE

Indeed you do.

ABOUT SEE HIM, STOP LAUGHING. I WONDER, WHEN I GO TO THE
TWO SOLDIERS, FEEL OUT OF STARK TO SEE HIM AND HIS COMRADES
THEY LAUGH, ALTHOUGH THEY DON'T KNOW THE REASON. THEY
TOMAS AND THE OTHERS WILL HAVE TO WAIT. THEY WILL
THEY PROBABLY THINKING HIS COMRADES ARE A JOKER AND
BUT TOMAS, ABOUT FIVE AND THE OTHERS OUT. HE WAS
IS TRAPPED IN THE ROOM. THE OTHERS THINK HE IS
HOLE IN THE ROOM. THEY DON'T WANT TO GO IN THERE.
COMRADES TOMAS, ABOUT FIVE AND THE OTHERS OUT. HE WAS
AND THE OTHERS, LAUGHING ONLY THE OTHERS AND THE OTHERS
STILL LAUGHING. IT IS A PUNISHMENT FOR THE OTHERS. THE
SOLDIERS ARE LAUGHING AT THE OTHERS. THE OTHERS ARE
AT NOTHING AT ALL. BUT THE OTHERS ARE NOT LAUGHING
THE SOLDIERS AND THE OTHERS ARE LAUGHING. THE OTHERS
DOWN ON THE DOWN SIDE OF THE STREET. THE OTHERS
VIEW AGAIN.)

This seems to be a rather foolish idea.

Yes, now that you mention it, it does.

But he's a good lad, if outdoors, I say.

This time he has the strength to fight another day.
Well, boy, how does the egg head

It seems. And, I wish you would learn to...

How to force these features of mine into a x y z.

Indeed you do.

AUNT

Why don't you try?

TOMÁS

How's this?

PEPE

Something seems amiss.

AUNT

Don't
Kiss the air; sort of suck it in.

PEPE

Make thin
Your face and crinkly your eyes.

AUNT

He looks surprised, somehow; startled, I guess.

PEPE

You know, Tomás, this sort of thing takes practice.

TOMÁS

Yes, I see what you mean. It's difficult.
I wish I had a piece of glass to...

AUNT & PEPE

You what?

TOMÁS

You're right. It must come from practice. The heart
Is involved, somehow.

AUNT

And the mind.

PEPE

The greatest part
Is attitude. You must develop the facial muscles a bit.

JOHN

Why don't you go?

JOHN

How's this?

JOHN

Something new, eh?

JOHN

JOHN

Here the first sort of work for you.

JOHN

What's this then?

Your face and mind, your eyes.

JOHN

He looks surprised, somehow, startled, I guess.

JOHN

You know, John, this sort of thing takes practice.

JOHN

Yes, I see what you mean. The difficulty.

I wish I had a chance of doing so.

JOHN

You mean?

JOHN

You're right. It must come from practice. The more.

Is involved, somehow.

JOHN

And the more.

JOHN

Is satisfied. You must believe the feeling comes from a gift.

TOMÁS

I dearly wish that that was all there was to it.

(THERE IS A PAUSE AS THEY ALL SIT LOOKING AT EACH OTHER. TOMÁS TRIES HIS WRY SMILE WITH LITTLE SUCCESS. AUNT AND PEPE SHAKE THEIR HEADS OVER HIM.)

PEPE

Well, what's now?

TOMÁS

Since my talents are limited to...
Well, limited, and I must do something. I'll do, for a change,
The most negative thing I can find.

PEPE

Become a priest?

TOMÁS

No, that's not necessarily negative. Besides, I must
Have time to think.

AUNT

Why not become a poet?

TOMÁS

To bring me back to where I started. That's apt

PEPE

Join the army. What better place is there
For a useless individual, for one who thinks?

TOMÁS

I do believe you're right. I'll do that very thing.
And you, Pepe, will you join me?

PEPE

I must bow out.
There is room in this town for one who can amuse
A crowd and keep a sprightly bar. Besides, I think,
The dancer calls me hither.

TOBY

I don't wish that that was all there was to it.

(THERE IS A PAUSE AS THEY ALL SIT IN SILENCE AT EACH OTHER'S. THEY LISTEN HIS WHISPER WITH EAGER EYES. THEY ARE ALL THINKING OF THE SAME THING.)
OVER HIM.)

TOBY

Well, what's new?

TOBY

There's a lot of things going on here. I'll be, for a change. Well, I'm not, and I want to say that. I'll be, for a change. The most negative thing I can say.

TOBY

He's a good fellow.

TOBY

No, that's not necessarily negative. Besides, I must have time to talk.

TOBY

Why not become a poet?

TOBY

That's all.

To bring me back to where I started.

TOBY

I know.

Join the army. What better place is there for a useless individual, for one who thinks

TOBY

I do believe you're right. I'll do that very thing. And you, Pop, will you join me?

TOBY

I want you out.

There is room in this town for one who can stand. A crowd and keep a splendid bar. Besides, I think. The dancer calls me a star.

TOMÁS

Hither? All right,
You be the poet. And you, Aunt?

AUNT

Me, Tomás?
Do you know what I'm going to do?

TOMÁS

No.

AUNT

You
Started something, somehow dragging me into;
So I think I'll continue. Just how, I don't know.

TOMÁS

I wish you better luck than I had. You're better fitted,
Than I for the task, that must be admitted.

(THEY STAND UP.)

I had the answer once; I had it.
You know that, Aunt; you knew it.
You, my not-so-quiet sounding board,
You are now to become the sounder.
And you, Pepe, you and your fire-cracker life,
Even you, I feel, had faith of a sort in me.
Maybe that's what I had to say, but couldn't.
Are faith and love too much abstractions?
Maybe you can see in me one who knew the answer,
Never knowing what the question was.
I learned that quick enough, I did.
They had a mad belief in nothingness in monster terms.
I believed in something but was as barren of the words
As the mountain top above our home--remember--cuddles flowers.
I was like a man who cups a fly within his hands
And says he's caught the pest who bothers him;
But when he shows it to a doubting friend,
Whish! it's gone! and he stands empty mouthed and empty handed.
Words! Words!...

1943

1943-1944

You be the first. And you, dear?

Yes

no, I don't

Do you know what I'm going to do?

Yes

No

Yes

COULD YOU CONTENT

So I think I'll continue. I don't know.

RECEIVED

I see your letter. I don't know what to do.

(THEY STAY)

I had the answer. I don't.

You know what, dear? You know.

You, my not-so-dear friend, you don't.

You are not to know the answer.

And you, dear, you are not to know the answer.

Even you, I don't know what to do.

Maybe that's what I don't know.

The truth and love too good to tell.

Maybe you can tell me one day.

Never know what the question was.

I learned that after many years.

They said a girl called to me in the night.

I followed to see what she was saying.

As the mountain rose above the valley.

I was like a man in a dream.

And now I know the truth and love.

But when he shows it to me.

Which is the right one? And which is the wrong one?

Which is the right one?

(THE SERGEANT TAKES UP THE WORDS AS TOMÁS AND AUNT AND PEPE BEGIN TO LEAVE. HE SPEAKS IN THE SAME TONES WITH THE SAME INTONATION, VERY MUSINGLY.)

SERGEANT

...Words! Words! Words!

I am a temple of my own believing. And the temple is dust.
I am the torch of my own desire. And the torch is dead.
I am the spring of my own knowledge. And the spring is dry.
What I took for knowledge was but my own reflection,
Glinting and shining from my polished nothingness.
Oh, Aunt, Aunt, that tear is like a sword and just as useless.
Come walk me to the edge of town; you know the way.
Pepe, you fool's fool, ignore the wench and come with me.
Oh, no, only to the edge of town; I'll not bathe your brisk fire
In my panegyric blood. Just a way for old time's sake.


(TO THE AUDIENCE.)

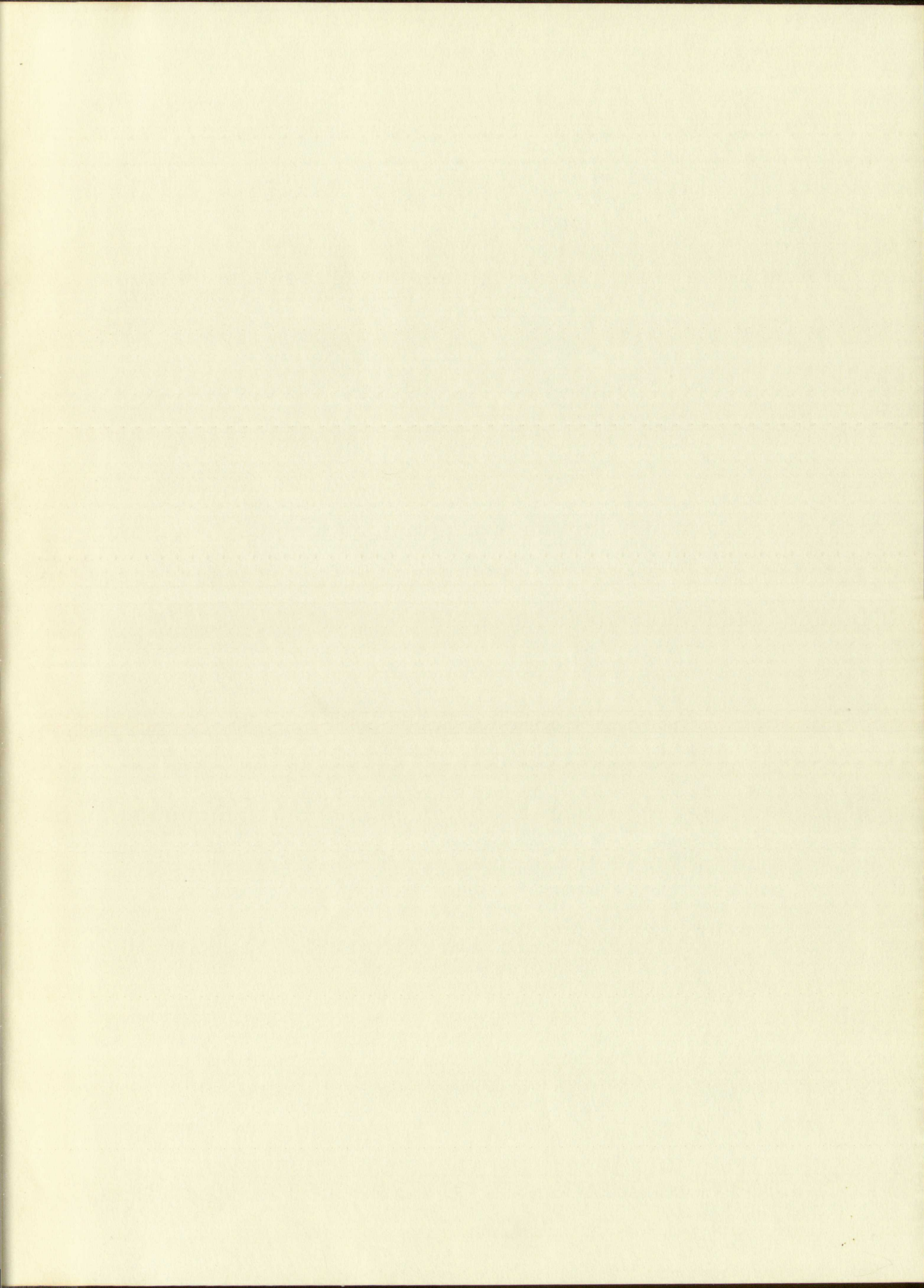
May the pattern of my nothingness, dimly lit,
Breathe fire and tenderness within your bones.

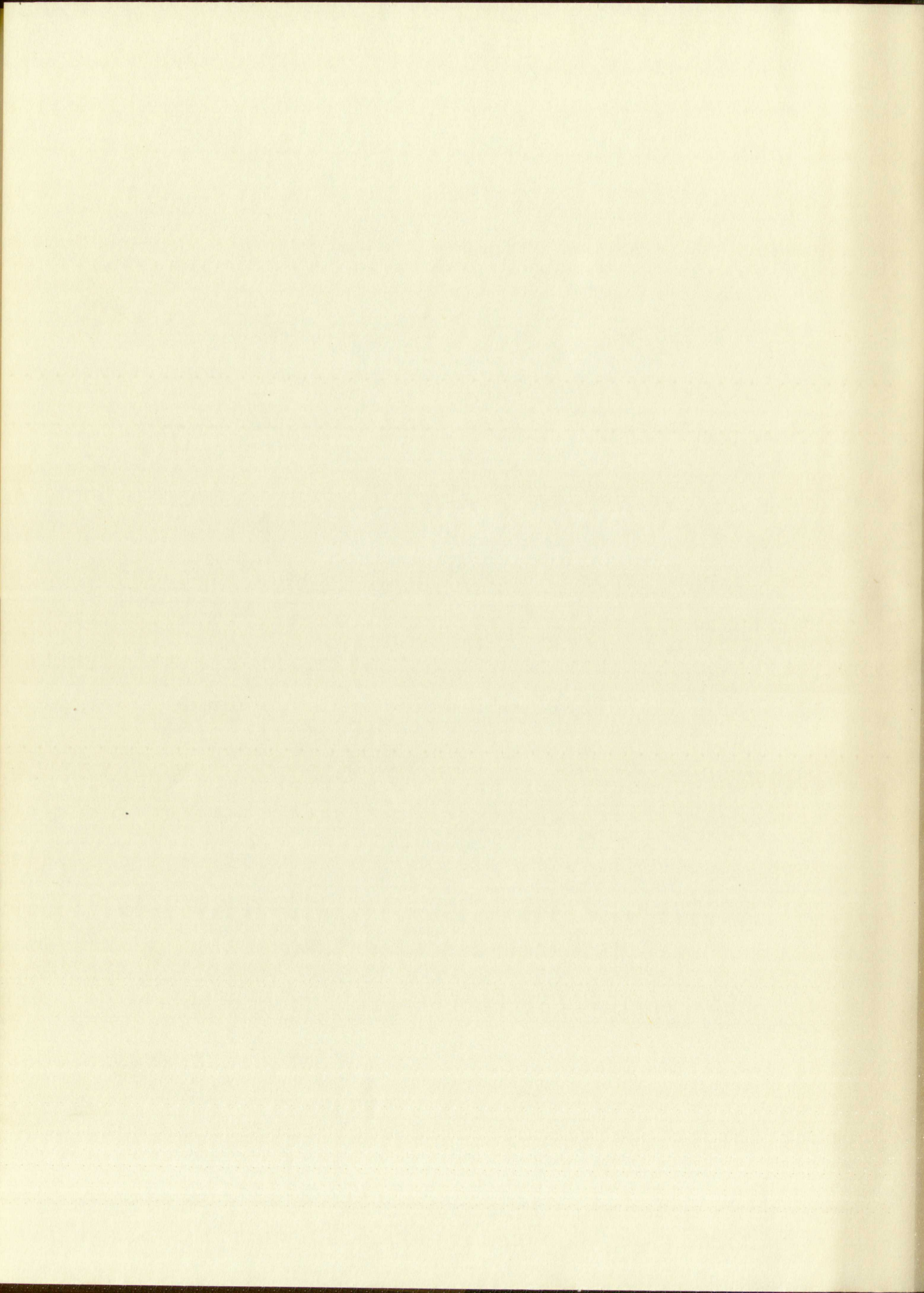
(PAUSE.)

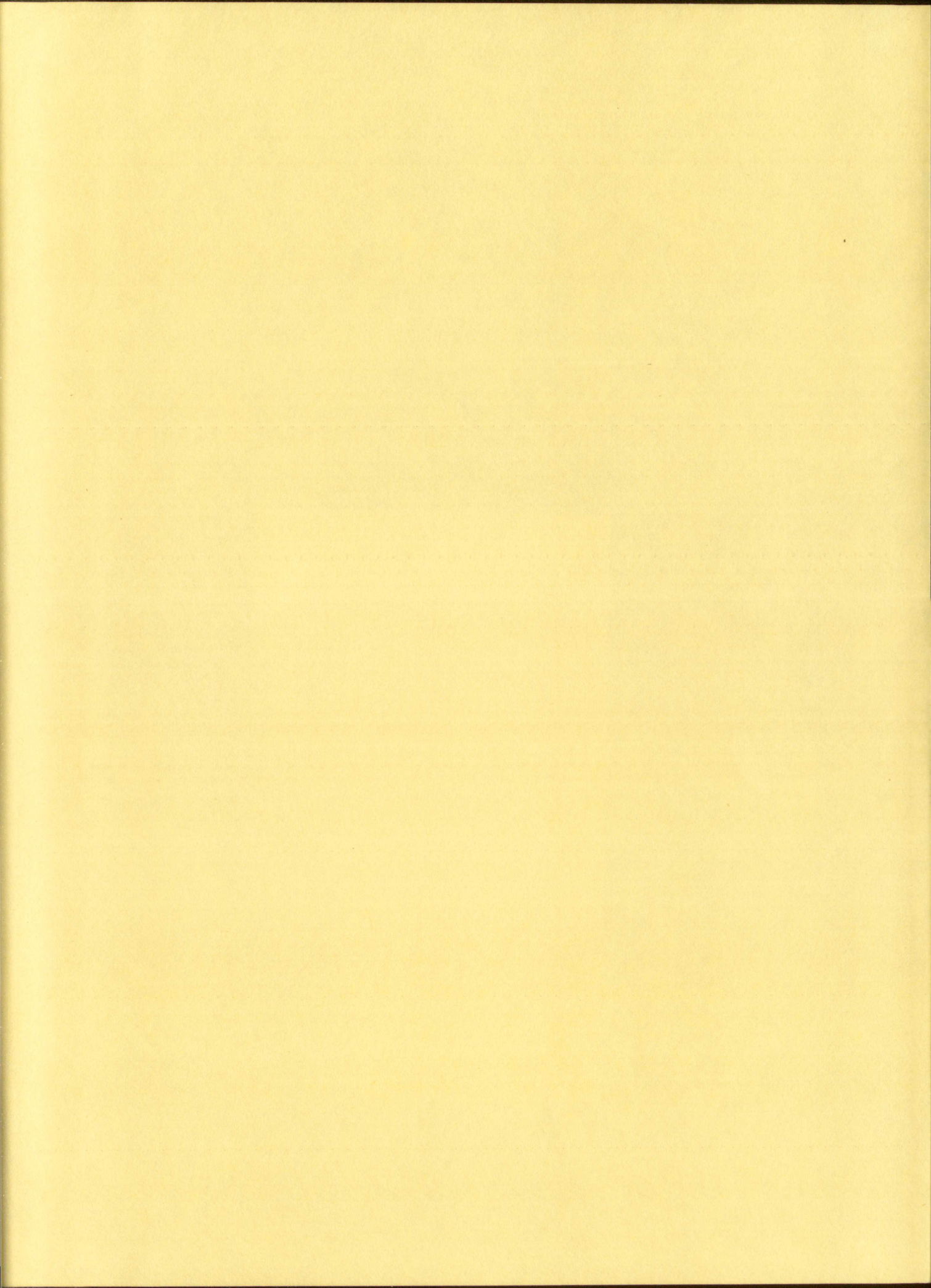
All right, you guys, let's get the hell out of here and get on the road! We've got a long way to go today!

(THE THREE SOLDIERS EXIT. THE DROPS ARE RAISED. THE STAGE IS EMPTY.)









IMPORTANT!

Special care should be taken to prevent loss or damage of this volume. If lost or damaged, it must be paid for at the current rate of typing.

[illegible]

